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COMMON FOLKS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

The man who earns with honest labor
The daily bread his nature needs,
Is not "beneath" his lordly neighbor
The golden spoon of fortune feeds.
The human heart beats like a tabor,
When a good life is crowned with deeds.

All Nature's forces work together,
The winds and waters, sun and shade,
The change of seasons and the weather,
To aid the man of toil and trade;
Good luck and hope, birds of a feather,
Sing near his cot their serenade.

On farm and wild, where flocks are bleating,
In shop and mill, and forge and shed,
Wherever honest hearts are beating,
Where there is work of hand or head,
The Common Folks find honor greeting,
And blessings with their daily bread.

Fair Nature is the loving mother
Of all the race, though stained with sin;
The peasant is the prince's brother,
The lackey to the king is kin:
Parchments and titles cannot smother
True manhood, deeper than the skin.

The ocean tides are ever flowing,
The restless winds the waves embroil;
The modest grass is ever growing,
Greening in every clime the soil;
The sun and stars, for ever glowing,
Teach us to trust in Heaven and toil.

KATE ARLINGTON;

OR,

The Buccaneer's Bridal.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BUCCANEER MAKES A CLEAN BREAST OF IT.

Upon landing on the vessel's deck from his boat, Barker Dixon had conducted his fair captive at once to the companion-way of the cabin, and directed her to descend, while he attended to matters which required a few moments of his immediate supervision. Thus bidden, Kate went down into the cabin, which she found *tastefully*, and even elegantly, furnished, with various appliances for comfort and convenience. She sat down and looked around. A sofa-like seat, broad, and upholstered in crimson velvet, extended over the transom, while upon the two sides were large easy chairs set between the doors of the state-rooms. Against the bulkhead was the cabin table, upon either side of which was a door opening forward, and under the table were numerous camp stools for use at the meals. About the walls of the apartment, over the doors, and over the stern lights above the transom seat, hung against festoons of damask, were crossed swords and pistols, elaborately ornamented, and brightly polished. The place was lighted by a large hanging lamp with an argand burner, close by which hung a handsome barometer and a tell-tale compass.

Kate surveyed the premises carefully, and then sat down in one of the chairs, and gazed intently upon a spot in the carpet. That spot was to her mind the problem of her present situation, and if she could not wholly solve it, she might at least gain some of its prime quantities. She gazed upon the spot until she seemed to have exhausted its fund of proposition, and then she bowed her head upon her hand. Whether it was the knowledge that Tom Gaston was present on board the vessel, or whether she had faith in her own immunity from immediate personal danger, we cannot say; but sure it is that she was calm and collected, and, unlike woman in general, her emotions were under the control of her reason. Let it not be supposed that she was without agitation. She was agitated deeply, and her emotions had been stirred to poignant and rebellious depths. She had been pale and flushed by turns, and great struggles had gone on within as she had considered the situation. But in the end she had conquered. Sense had gained the mastery, and her strong emotions were in abeyance. There was a sufficiency of the spirit of the Arlingtons in her to give her strength in such an hour of need.

At length a step was heard upon the companion ladder, and presently afterward Barker Dixon descended and stood in the cabin. He threw off the pea-coat, and removed his cap, and stood clad in an undress uniform not unlike the naval uniform of line officers of the time. And he was by no means an ill-looking man. Many a high-born dame or damsel would have called him handsome; and for a merely physical man he was handsome. His broad, well-shaped face, with its strong features; his thick, waving hair; his intensely lustrous eyes; and his firm knit, compact and massive frame, gave token of wondrous physical power. As we have intimated before, there was a dangerous look in those black eyes, and there was token of dogged firmness in the broad, square jaw.

For some moments Dixon stood and looked upon the lady before she ventured to return his gaze. She seemed at first to shrink from the ordeal. She covered her face with her hands, and it was only after a severe struggle that she raised her eyes to his face.

"Kate," he said, speaking very kindly, "you need not fear me, for I certainly mean you no harm."

Again the captive bowed her head, as though the glance from those black eyes pained her, and again there was struggling within. When she next looked up she was calm, and the tremor that had held her lips in a quiver had given place to the firmness of determination. She spoke, and her voice was low, and under perfect control:

"Captain Dixon, we are not utterly strangers. You know something of me and mine, and I know something of you. You tell me that I have no occasion to fear. What occasion have I for hope? You tell me that you mean me no harm. What do you mean me of good?"

Dixon drew out a camp stool, and sat down so that he could rest his elbow upon the table.

"That," said he, after he was seated, "is as you are pleased to look at it. Things are good or bad as we have a mind to take them. If I never sailed except with a right fair wind, I should lie in port most of the time; but I don't look at it in that way. If the wind is ahead I lie as near to it as I can, and by judicious tacking I work up against it, even to making a point in its very eye.—In short, my experience in life has taught me to make the best of what is offered me."

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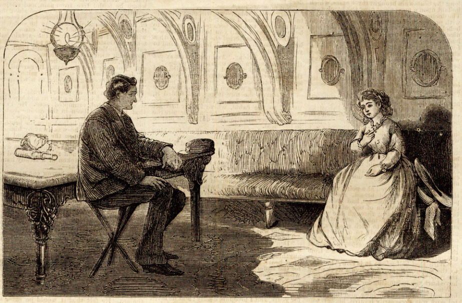


KATE ARLINGTON AND BARKER DIXON THE BUCCANEER.

"I did not know that you were a philosopher," said Kate.

"I first turned philosopher," replied Dixon, "when your father cast me out from his employ. It was a hard blow."

"It should not have been to a man of your ability."

"You misunderstand me, dear lady. The blow came not in the loss of my ship, but in the loss of my Kate!"

"And you now seek to repair the blow by this reprisal?"

Dixon smiled and nodded as he answered,—"You couldn't have told more truth in fewer words."

"Barker Dixon," said Kate, quickly, and with much feeling, "let us understand one another at the outset. You have captured me, and forced me from my home. Is this in revenge upon my father, or has it relation entirely to myself?"

"Considering all that has happened," returned Dixon, with varying light in his eye, "I shouldn't be sorry to see your father suffer; but the thought of revenge in that quarter had no place in this work. I have captured you for yourself alone."

"And what do you mean to do with me?"

"I mean, if possible, to make you my wife."

Kate did not start at this. She gazed first into the man's face, and when she found his luminous eyes fixed keenly upon her, she dropped her head, and reflected.

"Kate," Dixon continued, after a pause, "the time was when I supposed you would be my wife with your father's consent; and in that time I learned to look upon you as my own."

"Did I ever promise to be your wife?" she asked, looking him again in the face.

"That depends upon what you call a promise. You accepted my attentions, and were glad of my presents."

"And yet, even at that time, though I knew you not then as I knew you afterward, had you asked me for my hand, I should have told you, No. Your attentions and your presents were only what I might have properly received from any true man of my father's sailors."

"Very well," said Dixon, with a touch of his dogged quality,—"we won't dispute about that. Those times are gone. The present will afford us about as much as we can comfortably take care of."

"Very well, then," responded Kate, seeming to catch the dogged spirit of her captor; "let it be of the present. You say you mean to make me your wife?"

"Yes."

"Barker Dixon, you have declared that no spirit of revenge actuated you in this. What can you hope to gain by seeking as a wife one who can never love you, but who must loathe and despise you if you force unhappiness upon her?"

"I said," replied the Captain, with a vivid flash of the eye, "that I didn't seek revenge; but I think I intimated, at the same time, that revenge might be sweet."

A little silence followed, during which Kate again looked upon the old spot in the carpet. The quantities of the problem were becoming more definite.

"You said," at length resumed Dixon, "that we should understand one another. I am willing to put the whole thing into a very few words. In the first place, however, you will understand that I have loved you as I have never loved any other woman, and that, if you will let me, I will love you still."

"But suppose I cannot love you in return? Suppose your very pressure of love should make me hate you? What satisfaction then could you find in holding me for your wife?"

Dixon bent upon his captive a glittering, piercing glance, and an expression of triumph curled about his compact lips.

"That is the truth I would tell you, Miss Arlington; and when I have told it you will say I am frank, at all events. You know, as well as I know, that more than half the marriages in high life have a foundation in money more than in love, and that many of them are mere matters of business and convenience. I don't profess to be better than my kind. I want money; and as I shall get money if I marry you, I have concluded to marry you!"

Kate gazed upon the speaker in blank astonishment.

"You are beside yourself," she said. "My money is in my father's hands, and you know very well that he would never suffer it to go into your possession."

"My dear girl, if you are honest in this, you are very much mistaken. I know all about your property. Shall I explain it to you?"

"Yes."

"You will remember that I knew your uncle Nathan very well, and you should know that I was one of the witnesses to his will. Nathan Dexter, by that will, left to you over two hundred thousand dollars, which is to come into your possession when you are twenty-one. He placed no further restriction or qualification of any kind. The money is in stocks and bonds, amply secured, and will be yours when you are twenty-one years of age. He would probably have made the fortune to come into your possession upon the event of your marrying had it not been for the claim of your brother. As he left you and Orville equal sharers in half a million, and as he could not well bring the young man into possession until he was one and twenty, he concluded to treat both alike. So, my dear Kate, you see if I can persuade you to become my wife, I shall gain that for which many a man has done worse things than I am doing. You will be twenty-one in six months, and if you are living at that time your fortune will be your own, beyond the power of your father, or any court, to offer restraint. Only your husband will be able to share with you in the blessing! Do you understand the matter now?"

Kate looked down once more upon the intricate figure in the carpet, and the problem was clear. She understood it perfectly. After a time she looked up into Barker Dixon's face, and she saw reflected there a determination which she knew was not to be broken or swerved by argument or entreaty. In those few brief moments she thought much, and she thought to some purpose. Her thoughts were not dissipated by the terrors of the situation, but the necessities thereof gave concentration to all her powers. She was, for the present, completely in this man's power; and there was another in his power. She thought of Thomas Gaston while she thought of herself. She must look to her own preservation, and she must shield him from harm if she could.

"What do you think about it?" asked Dixon, when he had watched the changing face of his fair captive for a full minute in silence.

"I know not what to think," she replied. "I must have time; and I need further information. You are commander of this vessel?"

"I am."

"You are not engaged in honest trade?"

"That is as you please to call it. It is honest as the world goes."

"How honest?"

"As honest as were our fathers when they took the country we now call ours. The weak give way to the strong. But I don't claim to be particularly moral, save in my plighted word: I am not apt to break that. You are to sail with me, and the truth must sooner or later come to your knowledge. Know, then, that you are on board THE BLACK ADDER!"

For the first time during the interview the fair captive started with terror and alarm. THE BLACK ADDER! How often had she heard that name spoken with fear and trembling by the owners of ships that were upon the deep. She knew it as the name of the most audacious and successful buccaneer of modern times. A whole navy had been busy in pursuit of the daring rover, and fabulous rewards had been offered for the apprehension or destruction of the scourge.

And this was the pirate; and before her was the pirate captain! The dreaded freebooter of the Atlantic had been her lover, and was now sworn to be her husband!

"What think you now?" demanded Dixon, watching the effect of his disclosure with apparent satisfaction.

"I know not what to think," replied Kate. "So far as you are alone concerned, the knowledge of your terrible calling will not lead me to dread you more; but of course it enhances my anxiety. Will you let me have time for rest? I am worn and weary, and this last thing has shocked me beyond compute."

She held up her hands in an imploring manner—not like one in great terror, but like one who is dazed and confounded.

"My dear lady," said the freebooter, in reply, arising and speaking cheerfully, "you shall be your own mistress, and, so far as your comfort and convenience are concerned, your word shall be law. I can give you no female servant at present; but my man Friday shall serve you until we can find one. You will find him faithful and willing."

"Is he a negro?"

"Yes."

"May I ask you one question more?"

"Yes."

"It may involve more than a single proposition, but it points to one end."

"Ask what you please."

"Am I to be kept on board your vessel?"

"I cannot tell you how long, Kate. My desire will be to subject you to not one particle of unnecessary durance or restraint. I may as well tell you the whole truth, direct."

"It would be better, believe me."

"Then, my dear lady, I plan to keep you under my control until you are twenty-one. That, if I mistake not, will transpire next November. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir. My birthday is the fourteenth of November."

"As I said before, you shall have the whole truth. Between now and November I mean to make you my wife. Exactly how and when that shall be done remains to be seen. Perhaps you may decide all that for yourself. On one of the Southern Bahamas we have a retreat where you can find a home when tired of the sea; and it is as beautiful a spot as poet ever sang, or artist painted. It is an island belonging entirely to our crew, and I will make you its queen. Do you wish to ask me more?"

"One thing more. You have taken Thomas Gaston on board your vessel?"

"Yes."

"Do you entertain any enmity toward him?"

"Not a shadow of such a thing. On the contrary, I would like to have him for my friend."

"Why did you take him?"

"For two reasons. First: He was with you, and we dared not leave him to give an alarm, and set the vultures upon our track. Second: He is a good surgeon, and may be useful to us."

"That is all."

"Then follow me, and I will show you your state-room."

Dixon stepped to the door of the bulkhead, to the left of the table, and opened it, revealing a narrow, closet-like entry, with two doors opening out from it. He first threw open the door upon the left, showing a small dressing and wash-room. Then he opened the door forward, which gave entrance to the main state-room; and he showed to Kate that the two rooms were connected by another door opening between them. The state-room was handsomely furnished, and was quite spacious considering the size of the vessel. The cot, or sleeping-berth, was so constructed that it could be retained upon its brackets against the side of the vessel, or it could be set free and suspended by clews from the beams overhead; and when Dixon asked Kate how she would have it fixed, she preferred to have it hung by the clews. The hangings of the room were of crimson velvet, heavily fringed with gold; and the lace and the linen were clean and white. A small gilded lamp, hanging in a globe of ground glass, was suspended from one of the beams, and another lamp—both were lighted—hung in the dressing-room.

"Here, Kate," said the chieftain, "is your room. You will find good locks upon the doors, and I trust that you may want for nothing necessary to comfort. In the lockers you will find such articles of female apparel as you may need. Your wardrobe may be scant, but it will be sufficient until we can replenish it. I have only one thing to add: Your treatment will depend entirely upon yourself; but, before God! on board this vessel you are not to be subjected to insult. Good-night!—and may you find a pleasant and refreshing rest."

Thus speaking, Barker Dixon went away, closing the door behind him, and his captive was left alone. Of what she thought it would be impossible to tell. In fact, she could have had no clear thought. She could only seek her cot, and try, amid the wild whirl of crowding fancies and fears, to bring her mind to rest.

In the cabin Dixon met his second mate, or lieutenant, Mark Rowland, who had just come down from the deck.

"How do you find the lady, Captain?" the latter asked.

"I don't know," said the chief, shaking his head. "She don't threaten present trouble; but she comes of proud stock, and wears a long head of her own. She speaks fair and sweet, and apparently frank; but it's my firm conviction that she'll be hard to conquer."

CHAPTER V.

THE GUNNER'S MATE.

Dr. Tom Gaston slept, and though it could have been but for a short time, yet so soundly was it done that he felt quite refreshed when he had turned out from his hammock, and plunged his face into a bucket of salt water. It was early in the morning—not later than five o'clock—but the rattle and thumping upon the deck above him had precluded the possibility of further rest. He had performed his ablution, and finished his toilet, when his friend and companion of the night—the boatswain—entered the steerage, and the compliments of the morning were passed.

"You'll have to look out for yourself a couple of hours, or so," said Wade, in a pleasant, off-hand manner. "We've got a bit of business on hand that'll give us a late breakfast."

"I suppose I am not confined?" said Tom.

"Not a bit. Go where you please, if ye an't pulled up. If you venture too far you'll get a hint. Come up with me if ye like."

Without further remark our hero followed the boatswain upon deck, and almost the first man he met upon stepping over the combing of the hatchway was Barker Dixon. He knew Dixon by sight, and Dixon knew him. They had met in the other years, when Dixon had been in Mr. Arlington's employ, and before Tom had gone to Europe. The captain bowed, and the doctor did the same.

"Doctor Gaston," said the former, with considerable restraint in his manner, "I owe you an apology; but if you will excuse me for the present, I shall be still more your debtor."

"I suppose in this place your wish is law," returned Gaston, quietly.

"I trust you may find the law an agreeable one, sir," added Dixon, with an attempt at a smile.

"I will do my best to find an agreeable lot, depend upon it. Meantime you are excused."

Capt. Dixon nodded his thanks, and then turned to where his men had rigged a heavy mast-head pendant tackle, the lower block of which was being sent down into the main hold.

Gaston's first thought, upon being left alone, was to look for the lay of the land; but he looked in vain. As the rising sun was upon his left hand he knew that the brig must be heading very near south. Upon the right, to the westward, a bank of fog hung over the water, and it was probable that the coast was hidden behind it. It could not have been possible that the vessel could have cleared Massachusetts Bay, and left all the land of Cape Cod out of sight in the few hours she had been on the wing. But she had sped rapidly, nevertheless, and was evidently well out upon the ocean. Turn which way he would, nothing but the trackless expanse of waters met his gaze beyond the limits of the deck; and having watched the grandly undulating bosom of the sea until he had drank in the whole scene, he turned his attention inboard, upon the vessel which had so unexpectedly become his abiding place.

Tom Gaston was sailor enough to read the signs which were presented to his eye. The vessel was a full-rigged brig, with a deck flush fore and aft, and everything belonging to her was scrupulously neat and tidy. The bulwarks were high and strong, with port-holes let through them at equal distances from stem to stern, though the ports were now closed. The masts were tall, and slightly raking; the yards were long, and of beautiful proportions; and every stay which could carry a sail had a bunt of carefully covered canvas stowed at its foot.

Of crew the doctor could count over a hundred men. There were full a hundred on deck, and he knew there were a goodly number at work in the hold. Why did the brig carry so many men? But, see! Here comes an answer to the question. He had suspected this,—in fact, he had been morally certain of it,—but yet there was satisfaction in this ocular proof.

Fifty men had manned the running part of the pendant tackle, and slowly a dark, ponderous body arose from the hold. It was of wood and iron, and painted black. Tom saw it when it had been hoisted above the hatch, and he knew that it was a revolving gun-carriage. It was landed in the gangway, and then drawn aft, where it was fixed upon an iron pintle which had erst been covered by a tarpaulin. Next came up from the mystic depths of the hold a long brass gun—a twelve-pounder—which was fixed upon the revolving carriage; and when it had been set in place Tom saw that its muzzle could sweep a circuit above the taffrail, and over both quarters.

But this did not prove to be the brig's pet. Another carriage, heavier than the first, was next sent up, and fixed upon a pintle on the forecastle, and upon removing a section of the planking of the deck a circular railway was exposed, upon which the trucks of the carriage-bed revolved. And when the gun came up which was to adorn this pile, it proved to be a fine brass eighteen-pounder, with the crown stamp, and the monogram of the Woolwich foundry upon its upper surface. The old gunner, Grant Gurney, came up with this piece, and superintended its arrangement as though it were a child which he loved.

After this six iron guns—twelve-pound carronades—were sent up, and fixed upon sliding carriages—three on each side of the deck.

Could there be any further question in our hero's mind touching the true character of the brig? He thought not.

"Well, Doctor,—you must have seen the cut of our canvas by this time."

Gaston turned, and looked into the face of the captain.

"What is the name of your vessel?" he asked.

"We call her THE BLACK ADDER!"

The doctor started as the name fell upon his ear. He had suspected this, and yet the words sounded with a terrific boom upon his ears. All the country had heard of the Black Adder. For two years, or more, she had hung upon the track of our merchantmen, and many had been the valuable cargoes she had captured. And fearful stories had been told of the bloodthirsty character of her commander; though Gaston thought, as he now reflected, that there had been exaggeration in this. Yet, piracy upon the high seas means rapine and murder. The appliances of the freebooter are for the shedding of blood, and whatever may be the will of the captors touching the final disposition of the crew of a prize, human life is as nothing if it stand in the way of the possession.

And to think that the dreaded pirate had been lying in Boston harbor, and that her crew had been openly traversing the highways of the metropolis! And to think, further, that the pirate chieftain had cut out a prize more valuable than any ship that ever sailed from the very garden of a Boston merchant! And to think that he, a physician of repute in the city, with many patients upon his hands, had been impressed on board the renowned buccaneer brig! For a brief space the thoughts were whelming and stunning; but at length he recovered his presence of mind, and faced the pirate chief with a bold front. He was not impudent, and he made no sign of bombast. He was a brave, cool man, and he wished to know the truth.

"Captain Dixon," he said, "it is time I knew why I have been brought on board this vessel. Will you enlighten me?"

"First and foremost," replied Dixon, with blunt frankness, "we were sadly in need of a surgeon. Of course the chances of hiring a competent man of that profession were not many. We knew that you would be found with Miss Arlington,—or the probabilities pointed that way,—so we determined to secure your services. We had no other intent. We mean you no harm in any way or manner. Had you been else than a physician we should have dropped you where we found you; and we might have left you with an ache in your head. And now, Doctor, if you will give us the benefit of your skill, you shall find yourself in no bad quarters. Your position will be an honorable one, and your pay shall be ample."

"And what of Miss Arlington?" asked Gaston, with a strong hold upon his emotions.

The pirate looked him squarely in the face, and his dark eyes gleamed with a firm and steady light.

"Thomas Gaston," he said, in low, measured tones, and with much feeling, "before you had ever paid court to Kate Arlington, I had looked upon her as one who was to become my wife. I am going to make her my wife if I can. She is safe from all harm—safe from all save that. If you will take the advice of a man who bears you no malice, and who would save you from needless turmoil, you will seek no interference in this. Some things I might put up with, while some other things might make me dangerous!"

Gaston could think quickly where there was need. His profession was one that required just that method of thought; and he not only possessed the quality by nature, but he had cultivated it by practice. In the present instance he put his great indignation under, and summoned reason to his aid. First,—He was hopelessly and helplessly in the power of the pirate, and if he would help himself, or help Kate, he must be master, at least, of his own volition. A show of opposition, or an expression of his deeper feelings, would be worse than useless. Second,—He should be following the dictates of simple humanity in rendering relief to the suffering ones of the pirate crew. It was not a question whether he should accept the situation; but whether, the situation having been forced upon him, he should make the best of it. And, further, if he could be of service to members of the crew, he might gain individual friends. This latter thought was duly weighed in his mind, but he did not then know how soon the truth of the proposition was to be proved. Third,—His only hope of escape from the thraldom,—or, at least, the most direct hope,—lay in the confidence and trust of the freebooters. While he could gain nothing by exciting their animosity, he might gain much by winning their good opinion. Fourth, and last,—If he would help Kate, he must make no rash movement in that direction. Until he could confer with her he would make no sign of the great anxiety that lay at his heart. It was a terrible burden of unrest—a torturing theme of suspense—but he could endure so long as life and hope endured.

He saw that the chieftain awaited his answer, and when he had sufficiently reflected he said,—

"I am your prisoner, sir, and not of your crew. If men are sick and suffering, and I can help them, I should be worse than the heathen to withhold my hand. While I am here I had rather find employment at my profession than to remain idle; but I shall cherish the hope that my sojourn with you may not be long."

Dixon was gratified by the answer; and it may be that he was somewhat deceived by the doctor's frankness.

"All right," said he. "I think we understand enough for the present.—You have not eaten your breakfast yet?"

"No."

"Get that, and then we will find a case for you. One of our best men is in a bad way."

"Sick, is he?"

"He has a bullet in him somewhere. D'you think you can help him?"

Tom thought he could try; and the prospect of a surgical operation, calling into action his professional sympathies, was a great relief to him. After this he followed the boatswain down into the steerage, where the hammocks had been removed, and the table set; and here he was introduced to the old gunner, Grant Gurney; and to Mark Rowland, the second mate; and also to the first mate, whose name was Jack Thorp. This latter officer was a stout, round-shouldered man; of middle age; with a sandy complexion; stiff, coarse, crisp sandy hair; and not a very pleasant man to look upon. In fact, if Tom had been left to select the most accomplished villain of the crew, he would have taken Jack Thorp. He was evidently the master spirit among the pirates, and our hero afterward learned that he had been engaged in the profession from his youth up, and in the matter of command he had given way to Dixon because the latter was by far the better sailor, and possessed of cooler and more reliable judgment. But Thorp could be pleasant, and even jolly, when he tried, and on the present occasion he sought to make himself agreeable to the new-comer.

Gaston also learned, in the course of conversation, that the two mates, or lieutenants, had formerly quartered in the cabin, but had given up their state-rooms to the captain for the use of his female passenger.

It was near the middle of the forenoon when the meal was concluded, and Gaston then signified his readiness to attend to the sick man.

"Say, Doctor," cried old Gurney, with friendly interest, "you'll help poor Luke if ye can. He's a good man, and we miss him. He's my mate, sir; and a better man'n him at a gun never handled a match. Egad! if ye can save him, ye'll save a trump."

"Grant tells the truth," said Wade, as he led the way through from the steerage to the open part of the berth deck. "Luke Gunbar's one of our very best. Here he is, sir.—Hallo! Luke, here's the new doctor come to see ye."

Gaston found the sufferer to be a heavily framed man, of about forty, and worn away almost to a skeleton. His eyes were large and blue; his hair golden, and slightly curling; and despite the ravages of disease, his face gave token of native good-nature and comeliness. He was evidently one whom adverse circumstance had stranded upon the outlaw's career, and not a man who had made crime his choice.

"Ah, Roger, my lad,—is that you?" asked the invalid, turning his head to look.

"It's me and the doctor," replied the boatswain.

"I don't think it's any use, boys. I'm done for. If you only knew how I'd suffered! I've been burnin' up!"

"Where is the burning?" asked Gaston, bending over the hanging cot.

The man caught the sound of the strange voice, and tried to lift himself upon his elbow, but was too weak to do it.

"Be you the doctor?"

"I am the doctor," said Gaston, kindly. He was interested in the man, and was determined to help him if he could. And Luke Gunbar's ear was quick to catch the friendly note, and its music gave new life to his hope.

"D'ye think ye can help me? Oh! I don't want to die here. I an't afeard o' death, God knows,—not the right kind o' death,—but this— I don't want to die so!"

"Take it easy, my good man, and I'll do what I can. Let me first see how you were hurt."

The man had been wounded by a musket ball in the breast, and a doctor of St. Thomas, who had examined the wound shortly after it had been made, had declared that the bullet had penetrated to the lung, and that death was only a question of time. That had been almost a month before, and yet Gunbar had lived on, though his sufferings had been great, and his failure of strength rapid.

Gaston examined the man's bosom, and shook his head.

"If I had my instruments," he said, "I might at least find the depth of the wound; but I am powerless without them."

"We've got instruments," said Wade,—"some that we captured from a Frenchman on the coast of San Domingo. Shall I get 'em?"

Gaston answered in the affirmative, and ere long the boatswain brought three cases, which he laid upon a mess chest near the hatchway. The doctor opened them, and his eyes gleamed with professional satisfaction and pride as he beheld a full set of as finely finished and nicely contrived surgical instruments as he had ever seen. It was, in short, a full outfit for an army or navy surgeon, and the instruments, as well as the velvet-lined rosewood cases, bore the stamp of one of the very best Paris makers.

"How's that?" asked Wade.

"Good!" answered Gaston, heartily, as he selected a keen-edged scalpel, a pair of scissors, and a couple of flexible probes.

Then he went to the side of the sufferer, and drew down the blanket from the cot.

"Now, my good man," said he, "I shall be very likely to hurt you, but I guess you can bear it. I'll be as careful as I can."

"Go ahead, doctor. If ye kill me, ye can't hurt worse than I've been hurt for the last week."

The cot was moved into a stronger light, and Gaston went at the work, and the patient bore it all without a flinch. The involuntary spasms of the muscles told when there was exquisite pain, but not a groan nor a struggle came to interfere with the doctor's skillful manipulations.

The bullet had entered at a point very near the centre of the right breast, and having perforated the thick muscles, had broken the cartilaginous connection of one of the ribs; but instead of passing through the pleura into the lung, it had taken one of those strange freaks peculiar to such missiles, and glided along under the rib to a point very near the back. Tom found the ball with his probe, and after due examination he decided that he would remove it by an incision from the outside.

"With that ball where it is now," he said, to the sufferer, "you can't live a week; and the removing it won't hurt you so much as I have hurt you in hunting for it."

When the poor man was assured that the ball had not entered the lung, and that no vital part was necessarily injured, his joy was great, and he demanded that the operation should be performed at once.

Those who stood by wondered to see the doctor cut so assuredly into a man's back in search of a ball that had entered at the breast, and which, they were told, had not passed through the lung; and when they saw the skillful workman reach in with his forceps, and draw forth the leaden mass, they were filled with admiration and awe.

And during the operation Tom Gaston saw that which afforded him food for thought. He saw men whose trade was bloodshed—who were ready at any moment to throw their lives into the scale against the winning of a prize, and who could cut a throat in the way of business with as little compunction as they would slice an orange—he saw these men pale and shudder and grow sick at heart at the sight of the blood which flowed beneath his scalpel, and at the gaping wound which he opened in their comrade's flesh. This was curious, but not strange; and Tom said to himself,—

"Deep down in those calloused natures the spark of the human spirit still slumbers. The child nature can never be wholly eradicated. Can there be a human heart without somewhere in its intricate depths at least one tender spot where love and sympathy are possible?"

Without entering into a critical diagnosis of the case we may say that Gaston's operation answered two purposes: It not only removed the ball, but it opened a growing and painful abscess, affording a relief that richly compensated the sufferer for the tortures of the probe and the knife. And when the work had been done, and the wound dressed, the doctor told his patient that he might hope.

"I shall get well!" cried the man, with a glow upon his sunken features. "I feel it in my very bones."

"Your courage will be half the battle," returned Gaston. "Keep up a good heart, and obey my directions, and I guess I shall pull you through."

As Tom was upon the point of turning away Luke Gunbar reached out and caught his hand.

"God bless you, Doctor! If I live, I won't forget this!"

Thomas Gaston was touched by the fervor of his patient's gratitude; but he did not then dream what a blessing he had wrought for himself in saving the life of that man!

CHAPTER VI.

FRIDAY.—"SAIL-HO!"

The fair captive of the cabin arose at an early hour, having slept far more soundly than might have been expected. The light of the new day was admitted through thick lenses of glass in the deck, and also in the side of the vessel—light enough to read or to sew by. She found the dressing-room, and therein were all the appliances for washing; and having performed her ablution, and combed out her clustering curls, she looked in the lockers to see what manner of garments the pirate had provided for her. Surely his taste and opportunity had both been excellent.—There were no close-fitting dresses, calculated to show off the taper of a waspish waist, or to fret the fingers in getting hooks and eyes to meet; but there were soft robes of cashmere, and robes of silk and of pure white linen—such robes as a queen might wear and not descend from her dignity. A robe of dark crimson cashmere Kate selected, to which was attached a heavy cord, wrought with gold thread, for fastening around the waist, and having donned this, and properly adjusted its graceful folds, she ventured out into the cabin; but she found the place deserted. A great bustle was going on overhead, and she supposed all hands were busy on deck. She was debating with herself whether she should go upon deck, or return to her state-room, when the companion-way was darkened, and upon looking up she beheld an old negro coming down the ladder.

"Mornin', Missus," said the new-comer, landing upon the floor, and meeting the gaze of the lady.

He was an old man—at least threescore—his face black as coal, and his wool almost white. In stature he was short, and slightly bent; but his frame was broad and strong; and the glance of his bright brown eye, and the firmness with which he used his legs, and, in short, the whole expression of his face and form, gave token of unimpaired physical health and stamina. Kate looked sharply into the black face, and a beam of satisfaction was visible when she saw its leading characteristic was docility and good-nature.

"This is Friday, I presume?" she said.

"Yes, Missus,—I is Friday, at your sarvice." And he bowed very low, and scraped his foot expressively.

"Good-morning, Friday," pursued Kate, returning the negro's salutation, and smiling very sweetly as she did so.

The old darkey had evidently come down into the cabin with the expectation of meeting a storm of wailing and tears; and the position he had assumed at the foot of the ladder would seem to indicate that he had prepared himself for the ordeal. He had shut his hands upon his hips; his corrugated brow had been wonderfully contracted; and his thick lips had been closed as tightly as he could close them. But a change came over him beneath the influence of that cheerful greeting, and that bright smile. His hands loosened, his brow softened, and a pleasant light gleamed upon his ebon face.

"I's come down, Missus," he said, "to see if I could do anything for ye afore ye have yer breakfast."

"Are you going to set breakfast here?"

"Yes."

"Then suppose I get a bit of fresh air on deck while you are preparing it?"

Again the negro's hands were closed, the brow contracted, and the lips compressed.

"'Tisn't none o' my doin's, Missus; but I guess I wouldn't go up now."

"Captain Dixon does not wish me to go on deck?"

"Not now, Missus."

"Very well, Friday,—we will obey the captain. Or, at least, I won't do anything that can give you trouble, because, if you are to be my servant, I want you to be kind to me."

"'Deed, Missus," cried the old man, with a burst of good feeling, "I'll be just as kind to ye as I can be."

"All right, Friday. And now you may get the breakfast ready as soon as you please."

Kate watched the old negro a while, and then she went into her state-room. She had a small note-book and a pencil in her possession, and having written a few lines upon one of the leaves, she tore it out, and folded it, and put it into her bosom. After this she returned to the cabin, where Friday had set out a breakfast fit for a king; and, despite the terrors of her situation, she did ample justice to the meal.

"Who cooked this?" she asked, breaking open a snowy biscuit.

"I cooked 'um all, Missus," replied Friday, with a glow of pride.

And in a hundred little ways during the meal Kate flattered the old man's vanity; and she did it so delicately, and so heartily, that it carried appreciation with it. In short, the fair captive proved herself a diplomatist of the very first water, and by the time the meal was finished she had discovered the man's weak points, and had also made quite sure of his strong ones. He was moving to clear away the dishes, when she ventured as follows:—

"Friday, you have seen the young gentleman who was brought on board with me?"

The old man hesitated, and seemed troubled.

"Don't be alarmed," Kate continued, with a smile, "I am not going to ask you to do anything wrong; but I know you have a good, kind heart, and that you know how to feel for the sufferings of those who have done no wrong.—You have seen Doctor Gaston?"

"Yes, Missus. He's on deck now."

"Friday, Thomas Gaston is one of the best men that ever lived. He has been my friend for years, and I love him dearly; and he loves me in return; and I tell you the truth when I tell you that he would be the friend of the poorest man on earth, if the poor man needed a friend. Mr. Gaston will suffer severely on my account, and I wish to relieve his mind. Will you have the kindness to read that?"

And Kate took the scrap of paper from her bosom, and having opened it, she handed it to him. Friday took it as he might have taken into his great coarse hand the running works of a fine chronometer. He looked upon its written side, and then he turned it over and looked upon the blank side; and finally he looked up, and shook his head.

"Dis am writin', Missus?"

"Yes."

"Bress ye, I can't read such."

"Then I shall read it to you, Friday,—and I'd like to teach you to read if we had time and opportunity. Look here.—Follow my finger."

The negro looked over her shoulder, and she spelled out the words, letter by letter, pointing to each with her finger, until the whole had been read.

"There," she said, "there can certainly be no harm done in giving that to Mr. Gaston. Even Captain Dixon could not object to it; and yet I would not like to have him know it, for fear he *might* prevent it. You know what the captain is. We don't know exactly how to take him. He himself might carry this bit of paper to the doctor to-day, and tear the same thing up in a passion to-morrow."

"Golly, Missus,—you's hit de cap'n 'bout right. Yah! yah!"

"And you and I must both keep on the right side of him, Friday."

"Dat's so, sartin suah."

"Then, to please me, will you not contrive, some time during the day, to slip this into Gaston's hand? Your own judgment will tell you that there can be nothing wrong in it. You have a good judgment, Friday. Mind,—I will do nothing to get you into trouble. My own trouble is enough, God knows. If you cannot do this, I will tear the paper up, and suffer on. Do not show me this kindness if you fear to do it. I would rather never ask a favor, than to bring trouble upon a true friend."

Kate spoke sadly and tearfully, and made as if she would tear the paper up. The acting had its effect. The old man's face softened, and he reached out his hand.

"Gib me dat ar paper, Miss Kate. I'll git it into Mass'r Gaston's hands somehow,—don't you be afear'd."

"Bless you, Friday! You will bring relief to two burdened hearts, and will do no wrong to anybody. Put the paper carefully in your pocket, and be cautious."

"Let dis chile alone for dat, Missus. Dar sha'n't nobody see it till de doctor gits it hisself."

After this Friday cleared off the table, and when this had been accomplished he went in and unslung the cot and bracketed it against the side of the state-room, and fixed up matters as neatly and deftly as any woman could have done. When he had put things to right thus far, he asked if he could do anything more.

"Only to answer me a simple question," said Kate. "If you had a brother, or a sister, or a child, in trouble, it would do you good to know that they were being well treated. Now I would like to know how it is with Thomas Gaston. You have seen him,—you say he is on deck. Is he going to be treated kindly?"

"'Deed, Missus, I t'ink I can gib ye full 'surance ob dat fac. Dey want him for a doctor, an' if he helps 'em in dat, he'll be as snug an' safe as a ship in de dock."

"Then," said Kate, in a tone of relief, "I shall have no fears for him. He is a cool, brave man, and he has sound, practical sense; and, moreover, when he reads that paper which I have sent him, he will the more readily accommodate himself to the situation, and lend his hand toward helping the sick and the wounded of the crew. You can see that for yourself, Friday?"

"Yes, Missus,—I see it."

"Then be careful of your charge. I want nothing more now, Friday."

"If ye do want anyt'ing, Missus, ye can pull dat ar cord by de bulkhead. It rings a bell on deck."

Kate thanked the old fellow, and he left the cabin.

It was full two hours later that Capt. Dixon came down, and found his captive sitting by the table, with a copy of Bowditch's Navigator in her hand.

"You are not seasick, Miss Arlington?" he said, hopefully.

"No, sir," she answered. "You know I am used to the sea. I can sail a yacht with the best of them."

The pirate's face lighted up with a glow of pleasure.

"I am glad to find you so reasonable," he said. "I had feared that you would storm and cry."

"I might do that if I thought any good could come of it. What *is* to be, *will* be. Were I to cry, I should be sick; and were I to fall sick, my position would be pitiable indeed. And now, sir, if you want the cabin, I will retire to my state-room,—unless you will allow me to go on deck."

"You may go on deck by and by, but not now. But you need not go to your state-room because I am here. Your company is not at all disagreeable."

"I would prefer my own room, sir."

"As you please, lady."

"Have you any books on board more readable than this?" she asked, pointing to the Navigator.

"Yes. I will get them for you. I have French and English. Which would you prefer?"

"Let me have both. I can read French."

From a chest in his own state-room Dixon brought an armful of books, which he carried in and deposited upon Kate's dressing-stand, and then, without further remark, he suffered her to be by herself.

Toward the middle of the afternoon Tom Gaston went down to look at his patient, whom he found free from pain, and resting quietly; and he knew, as he moved along the deck, that he had won the respect and esteem of the hard-handed crew. As he stood by the sick man's cot old Friday came down with a bowl of broth which the captain had sent, and Gaston said that the patient might eat it. The doctor raised Gunbar's head, and propped it with an extra pillow.

"Now, my good fellow," he said to the negro, "you may feed the man. Be careful."

"Jes' you hold de spoon one minute, doctor, and"—lowering his voice to a whisper—"*take dis, an' hole on to it!*"

Tom felt a bit of paper thrust into his hand. He cast his eye upon it, and saw that it was a folded, crumpled note. He knew that Friday had been in the cabin—that he attended upon Kate. He put the paper into his pocket, and then helped give the broth to the invalid. Later he was away by himself, where he dared to open the paper and look upon it; for he had gathered from the negro's manner that secrecy was required. The writing was with pencil, and though crowded for want of space, gave token of a steady hand; and he read as follows:—

"DEAR TOM—Don't you borrow one particle of trouble on my account. We are in narrow quarters, and must be careful. You have need of greatest caution, for be sure they will bear more with me than they will with you. At present I have no great fear. Dixon plans to marry me for my fortune—for the fortune which my uncle left me, and which is absolutely mine. He cannot marry me until we reach the shore somewhere. Until that time he will not offer me harm; and until then we will take fate as it comes, and hope for the best. I have faith to believe that the bad man will not succeed in his unholy purpose. By remaining quiet now we shall enjoy greater opportunity when the hour of need comes. So, Tom, while we are at sea, look wholly to yourself, and know that I am well and hopeful. With a blessing and a prayer for Heaven's help,— KATE."

Tom read the missive, and then pressed it to his lips. Then he read it again; and when he had committed its contents to memory he tore it into bits, and threw the treasure into the sea. He felt that it would be safer so. After this he went down into the steerage, and wrote upon a blank leaf of his note-book. It was an answer to Kate. He wrote that the reception of her epistle had given him great comfort. For himself he had no great fears. He had already won the good-will of the crew professionally. His only anxiety was on her account, and for her he should keep every sense awake. He blessed her, and bade her take heart. "A few true friends," he wrote, "may afford us great help in the final hour. Let us make those friends if we can. I shall try to do so, and to that end I shall appear to accept with resignation a lot which I cannot avoid." A few words of love, and a prayer to Heaven for all needed good, and he signed his name, and tore the leaf from the book and folded it up.

Tom did not see Friday again that evening, but on the following morning he met him once more at the cot of Luke Gunbar. They were alone with the invalid, and the doctor seized the opportunity.

"Friday," said he, "I want you to carry back the paper to the lady in the cabin. Do it, and you will do no harm. There is no plotting—only love and friendship. May I trust you in this?"

Friday took the folded paper, and put it into his pocket.

"Dis paper 'longs to Miss Arlington?" he queried, with a sparkle in his amber eye.

"Yes."

"Den she shall hab it, nebber fear."

Before another word could be spoken a cry came from aloft—a cry startling at sea always, but particularly startling upon a freebooter's deck,—

"*Sail-ho!*"

"Ha!" exclaimed Gunbar, with a start. "Is it a sail?"

"Such seems to be the report."

"Then, Doctor, you'll see a stirring time. Look out for yourself!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RETURN J. MEIGS.

The origin of Christian, as well as family names is sometimes singular, and might afford a remunerative study to one curiously inclined. In illustration we give the origin of a name well known in American history. The father of Return J. Meigs was born at Middletown, Conn. In his youth he loved and addressed a fair Quakeress of Middletown, whose home was very near to his own residence, but found much difficulty in obtaining her hand, her objection resulting from sectarian bias. She repeatedly answered his protestations of fidelity and attachment with,—

"Nay, Jonathan; I respect thee much, but cannot marry thee; for better is a dinner of herbs and contentment, than a stalled ox and contention therewith."

Mr. Meigs finally wearied with his profitless suit, and paid Ruth what he meant should be his last visit as a lover. He held her hand, and blessed her, and having told her that he hoped in time the wound in his heart might be healed in happy alliance with some other family, he spoke his "farewell." The kind and yet sorrowful word, spoken with tender softness, and with tearful eyes, fell upon her heart with awakening power, and as he vaulted to his saddle to ride away, the fair Quakeress, full of love and relenting, beckoned to him with her hand, at the same time calling out,—

"Return, Jonathan! Return, Jonathan!"

To him they were the sweetest words that ever fell upon mortal ear. He returned, and the day was speedily fixed for the celebration of their nuptials. The first child born to them was a son, and the happy father, in commemoration of the blissful words which had bidden him into his earthly heaven, had him baptized and christened "RETURN JONATHAN." And the child thus curiously named grew up to an important manhood. Among the officers of the American Revolution he was one of the best and the bravest, and for his brilliant exploit against the British at Sag Harbor he received the thanks of Congress and a sword. He was a warm friend and supporter of President Jefferson, by whom he was appointed Indian Agent of the Cherokees, among which people he passed the last of his well-spent and useful life. S. C., JR.

—Knowledge is a common and unappropriable property of mankind—a ray of heavenly light which streams through the darkness of the night.

WIT AND HUMOR.

BOYS take to politics naturally, though occasionally they get them a little mixed. In a Massachusetts Sunday-school recently a boy was asked by his teacher how many commandments there were. "Eleven," was the prompt reply. The teacher said there must have been one added then, and asked what it was. The boy looked, scratched his head a moment, and then triumphantly replied, "The Fifteenth Amendment."

AUNT KEZIAH TREFFLES, on hearing her nephew James read that the Sultan of Turkey had sent a firman to the Viceroy of Egypt, and that there was considerable anxiety to know just what the firman was, exclaimed, "I don't wonder! I never heard of such a thing as a *fur man* before, and *I* feel as anxious as them Egyptians to know just what sort of a critter he is."

A MICHIGAN switch-tender, caught napping at his post, and convicted of willful negligence, said to the jailer who was about to lock him up, "I always supposed that the safety of a railroad depended on the soundness of its sleepers." "So it does," retorted the jailer; "but such sleepers are never safe unless they are bolted in."

"I'M glad I an't a mastodon," said a little girl who was suffering from the tooth-ache. "Why so?" asked her mother. "'Cause, I read the other day that a mastodon's tooth, that weighed 'most a hundred pounds, had been picked up somewhere; and just think what an awful lot of ache could get into such a big tooth as that."

"YOUNG man, do you ever drink?" asked a mild-looking gentleman of Jeffkins. "Well, yes, seeing it's a cold morning, I don't care if I do." "Then don't do it any more, young man, or you'll come to an untimely and dishonored grave." Jeffkins looks after the retiring stranger with an air of disgust.

"WHAT are you about?" said a grandmother to a little boy, who was idling about the room, and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I'm trying to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting the gentleman see it, for papa wants him to think he's out."

THEY are having a dispute abroad as to what is the right Welsh word to be used for aquarium. The latest authority says, "As the best Welsh word for 'aquarium,' I beg to offer 'Pysgdangosfa.' Every Welshman can sound 'Pysgdangosfa,'" he says. Happy Welshman!

AN indulgent Kansas parent sold his cooking stove for $11 in order to take his thirteen children to the circus. He says a circus only comes two or three times a year, and besides, he never had much to cook on the stove any how.

IT being stated that the girls of Galena, Ill., had organized an anti-kissing club, a crusty old bachelor characteristically remarked that "the members of the club were undoubtedly all old enough to be aunties."

"HOW old are you?" asked a railroad conductor of a little girl whom her mother was trying to pass on a half ticket. "I'm only nine and a half on the train, but at home I'm thirteen," she innocently replied.

THE discussions at the recent Convention of Milk Producers in this city showed little of the milk of human kindness, and the tempers of the members seemed to turn sour on the slightest provocation.

THE man who invented baggage checks made a fortune by the operation, but a man who invented some bank checks the other day made a misfortune by *his* operation.

THE United States government has sent a regiment of cavalry to Utah. What sort of a show can they make against the Mormon infantry?

WHITE vests are a bad investment for young men, now that the girls have got to using so much oil on their hair.

"I YIELDED to his earnest persuasion," as the young widow said, after angling two years for an old bachelor.

Two extremes have met at last—"tow, heads" and "beautiful blondes."

WHY is an old coat like an iron kettle? Because it represents hard ware.

WHY is dancing like new milk? Because it strengthens the calves.

WHY is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it.

THE only betting which men should indulge in—Alphabetting.

A GOOD place for pugilists—Spar.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A COUPLE of ranchmen, at work on a ranch in Sonoma, having a dispute about a girl in the neighborhood with whom both of them were in love, agreed to fight a duel on horseback with lassos. At the appointed time they met, took their stations twenty rods apart, each mounted and armed with his lasso, and then cautiously advanced to the attack. The result was that one of them was caught, dragged from his horse and hauled over the plain till he yelled that he would give up the girl, whereupon he was let go, in a rather damaged condition.

A PI UTE medicine man told his fellow Indians that if, when he died, they would cut him to pieces, the pieces would unite again immediately, and he would ascend into the heavens in a cloud of smoke. This was too much for Indian curiosity to stand, and a bystander dispatched the doctor with a blow of his knife. The body was then cut to pieces, but, much to the disgust of all present, the remains of the poor wretch refused to move, and were left on the ground as food for the wolves.

A CITIZEN of Brattleboro', Vt., was recently the victim of a nearly fatal accident. He was in the woods with his son, a lad of fifteen years, tending a target while his son practised shooting. One shot hit the limb of a tree and glanced off, striking him in the back under his shoulder, passing entirely through his body, and lodging just under the skin. Hopes are entertained of his recovery, though his lungs were badly lacerated.

A YOUNG lady in Mississippi, having been disappointed in love, went to a neighboring bayou to drown herself, but seeing an alligator in the water, she was seized with terror, and set up a series of terrific screams on the bank, which brought several persons to the scene, and she was conducted back to the house.

A BAND of Arkansas horse-thieves recently got into a quarrel about the division of their plunder, and knives and pistols being drawn, a deadly fight ensued, in which three of the rascals were killed and five badly wounded. The fight led to the capture and dispersion of the whole gang.

A TRADESMAN in Bristol, England, has just made a monster umbrella for an African chief. It is sixty-five feet in circumference, the lancewood ribs being nine feet long, and there are 140 yards of material in it. It is covered with red, blue and white chintz, and takes two men to expand it.

A man was arrested and held to bail in Elmwood, R. I., a few days ago for whipping his nephew, who lives with him, in a cruel manner. The boy is reported to be covered with scars made by the buckle at the end of a bridle rein with which he had been beaten.

A PANTHER attempted to carry off a little girl from a door-yard in Nebraska, but the mother of the child seized a loaded rifle that was standing by the door and shot the panther through the heart. The child was somewhat scratched, but was not much hurt.

IDA HANSCOM, a young lady living in Florida, being missed from her home, search was made for her, and she was finally found wandering in the woods, in a state of insanity. What caused her melancholy fate it was impossible to ascertain.

A MAN fell from the roof of a house in Providence, on Thursday of last week, and striking on a dahlia pole, it penetrated his body eleven inches, and had to be pulled out with the aid of a vice. The wound was terribly painful.

THE village of Osceola, Ark., was recently visited by a destructive hurricane, and churches and dwelling-houses were demolished, and great damage was also done to fences, barns and dwellings in the country round about.

HENRY RANKIN, of Providence, got into a furious fight with another man, on Friday of last week, and immediately after the contest was ended, he jumped into the dock and was drowned. It is supposed that he was insane.

FISHERMEN are beginning to go to Greenland for halibut. A cargo was sold in Gloucester, the other day, for fifty thousand dollars. The Greenland halibut is said to be an unusually delicious fish.

A VALUABLE premium bull that was being carried home from a fair in a Kentucky freight car, was strangled to death by the fumes of lucifer matches with which one end of the car was filled.

A FARMER in Mason, N. H., recently tried to kill himself and his housekeeper, because she refused to marry him. Both were badly hurt, but neither was fatally injured.

LARGE numbers of counterfeit postage stamps are said to be in circulation.

RESURGAM.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

* * * Far on her bannered mountain height,
The sun of Science streaming bold,
Reveals behind the mists of night
The ruins of her age of gold;
With forms of dim remembered arts,
Shaped to the grace of perfect things,
Above the dust of passionate hearts
That mouldered in the crypts of kings.

Across the curious carven lids
That crown their old sarcophagii,
The shadows of the pyramids
Through æons of dead silence lie;
Athwart the vast sand solitudes,
Where once their stately highways ran
Through groves of spice and precious woods,
Slow winds the crawling caravan,

Red limned against a brazen dawn:
Far to the south a black tent-range,
And gray old Nilus, toiling on,
Changeless amid eternal change!
As in a dream, their empires rise—
Shadows of thrones, and peoples dead;
While the stupendous desert lies,
And wraps their realm from feet to head.

Yet still their mural tablets shine,
As thrice a thousand years ago,
When Isis fanned with gales divine
Palm-shaded Nilus, winding slow,
Bearing a hundred purple sails
That breathed the spice of Orient isles
Through citied plains and templed vales,
Bathed in Osiris' sunny smiles.

And Science, from the mystic page
That chronicles those ages vast,
Reclothes the poet, priest and sage
With the old splendors of the past;
Thronged with her swarthy Coptic kings,
Her pulses thrilled with life and light,
White-templed Nineveh upsprings
From out the mists of centuried Night:

Her altars smoke, her peans rise,
Her teeming myriads love or hate,
And life's long cancelled histories
Work out the hidden ends of Fate;
And arts the jealous Pharaohs hid
In those gray cenotaphs of yore,
Break from the mouldering coffin lid,
And crown the living age once more! * * *

A BONE of CONTENTION;

—OR—

The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOWS," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE VICTIM SECURELY HIDDEN.

The farm known as The Cypresses, the only landed possession of Darrel Moer, and that, as the reader knows, a recent gift to him from his uncle, Lord Waldemar, is situated in the north-eastern portion of Huntingdonshire, and is as lonely and secluded as if situated in the far desert of Sahara.

Such a gift from the noble and wealthy Baron Waldemar savored strongly of satire and irony.

All around it for a radius of many miles are dismal and dreary fens, where the water lies stagnant, and the air is pregnant with malaria. Three-fourths of the farm had been drained, and afforded excellent pasturage for the short-horned cattle crowding it. The farmer's low stone house is upon this drained land.

The remaining fourth of the two hundred acres was still a rude and swamp-like fen, the abode of water-fowl in great numbers. Stunted trees dotted its surface, and at its outermost boundary, where it adjoined the property of other owners, was a thick grove of willows and cypress trees, the latter so far predominating as to give a funereal aspect as well as a name to the place.

In the midst of this grove of cypresses, approached by a paved road from the highway, but not to be seen from the farmer's cottage nor from the public road, was the house. It was an ordinary farmer's house, built of rough stone, two stories in height—a square box without a break in its outline, and without a gleam of picturesque charm, save what possibly might be afforded by the small mullioned windows and the quaint stone porch. The house wore a gloomy and neglected air, many of the windows having been boarded up upon the outside for years. It had been for a long time uninhabited, bearing the reputation of being haunted. A murder had once transpired in the grim old dwelling, and the horror of the deed clung to the place still, making it shunned and feared by all the people of the country side.

Even the unlettered farmer who lived at the further end of the farm visited the house as seldom as was compatible with his duties of taking charge of it. No tenant had been found sufficiently devoid of superstition to inhabit a dwelling of such evil reputation, but possibly the fact that it was situated in the midst of a death-breeding fen may have contributed to its avoidance.

Behind the house were kitchen-garden, stable yard and stables, all inclosed by a high stone-wall which abutted upon the house walls, affording a private inclosure for all these offices.

This then was the place to which Darrel Moer had caused to be brought his young bride. It was in one of the low upper rooms, under the steep, overhanging roof, that young Honor Glint had been immured by Bing and his assistants.

The valet flung himself down upon one of the high-backed settles in the low ancient kitchen before the rousing wood fire, whose warmth and light filled all the room, while his daughter took possession of another. Jacob Bing went out with the lantern to the stable yard, to care for the horses, and Miss Bing bustled about to prepare breakfast for the newly arrived guests.

It was not yet light, and the rain was falling with a steady dreariness, promising to continue throughout the day.

Miss Bing drew out a square table and proceeded to lay the covers. She lighted a candle and went into the adjoining pantry, coming out quickly with a dish in her hand, upon which was a single cooked fowl. She contemplated the interesting object in the greatest excitement, as if it had been some dangerous live creature.

"Look at that!" she exclaimed, extending the dish at arm's-length, and adjusting her spectacles that she might command a better view of it. "Look at that, I say. I could almost think I had lost my senses. Perhaps I'm dreaming—"

"I hope I'm not," said the valet. "The fowl's a decent specimen of its kind. Have you gone crazy, Judith?"

"Not yet, but I think I'm going!" said Miss Bing, in a theatrical voice. "Yesterday there were two fowls upon this dish side by side. I roasted them in expectation of your coming. I saw them before I went to bed in my room up stairs; and now one is gone! Where is it? Where is it, I ask?"

"How should I know?" demanded Bing lazily. "Direct your inquiries to the proper quarter. Probably Jacob got hungry in the night and ate it up."

Miss Bing shook her head incredulously.

"I know better," she said. "Jacob went to bed before I did, and did not get up until I called him. The house is certainly haunted, Watson. No human being carried off that fowl. The thief is the ghost who haunts this house."

"Nonsense!" said Bing.

"Perhaps you know more about it than I do," said Miss Bing sharply. "I say the ghost stole the fowl. And that's not all. I missed a loaf of bread the night before last. That was stolen before Jacob came. And the night before that, I missed some cold roast beef and half a small ham and veal pie."

"Set a rat-trap and you'll catch your ghost," declared the unbelieving valet. "I don't believe in the kind of ghosts that devours ham pie."

"You don't know it all yet!" replied Miss Bing, with a slight sneer. "I repeat, there is a ghost in this house. It whispers through my key-hole nights—"

"The wind!"

"It rushes through the attics," continued Miss Bing, with a glance of scorn at her brother. "It rustles through the halls. It displaces furniture. I've searched the whole house from attic to cellar and found no trace of it, but I know it's here. I am not superstitious. I have no fears of ghosts; but I am almost sorry we came to this house. What if the disembodied thing should rush out upon me from some dark corner—"

"What if the world should come to an end!" interrupted Bing impatiently. "You say you are not superstitious, but you are. Fancy a woman of your sense talking about ghosts. You probably got up in your sleep and ate the pie, the bread, and the fowl your own self—"

"Bones and all?" demanded Miss Bing, in a sarcastic voice.

"Very likely," replied Bing exasperatingly. "A woman of your enterprise might do even that. I'll search the house to-day, and in the mean time I would recommend you to put your head in a poultice. Ghosts! Bah!"

The aggrieved Miss Bing set down her dish with a force that cracked it. Then, in an ominous silence she proceeded to prepare the morning meal, producing a clatter that would have done credit to the activity of a dozen cooks in concert.

By the time the faint light came struggling in at the wet and dingy windows, and Jacob Bing returned from the stables, Miss Judith had prepared a tray with a small pot of tea upon it, a plate of buttered toast, and another of cold fowl, and taking a light in one hand and the tray on her arm, she went up to the young prisoner.

Honor was pacing her floor in the fire-light. She had removed her outer wrappings, and her long dyed hair streamed over her shoulders in wild disorder. Miss Judith set down her tray and light upon a small table near the door, and abruptly retreated to the threshold.

"Is it light yet?" asked Honor wearily, with a glance at the darkened window.

"It's just coming light," answered Miss Bing. "There's a wooden shutter over your window on the outside, but the light will come in by and by through the crevices and the knot-holes."

"Who are you?" inquired Honor.

"I'm Judith Bing, *his* sister," and the spinster nodded significantly in the direction of the kitchen.

Honor's vivid eyes searched the woman's face with a gaze like that of an hour earlier, but there was no gleam of womanly pity or kindness in the sharp, harsh features, nor in the cold and speculative eyes.

With a sigh, the young girl turned from the contemplation of the wooden-like face, and Miss Bing went down stairs to serve her family breakfast.

Honor drank her tea and ate her meal, as a matter of course. Then she walked back and forth over her floor for hours. The light crept dully in in faint gleams and bars through the openings in the shutters, and the girl climbed her table and peered out through a knot-hole in the rough board over the window, but she saw nothing except the heavy gloom of some densely shading tree. Once or twice she fancied she heard a rustling sound in Miss Bing's room, with which hers was connected by a door, and once or twice she fancied also a faint, shrill whispering sound came through the key-hole of her hall door—a sound that was not made by the roving wind.

At noon Miss Bing brought up the young lady's dinner, and took away the breakfast tray. She appeared again at evening, with toast and tea and smoked salmon, and casually remarked that her brother had gone away and would not return for the present.

This information afforded Honor a great deal of relief. She feared the unscrupulous valet only less than she feared his employer.

Miss Bing returned to the kitchen with the dinner tray. The valet reclined upon the settle, smoking a pipe. The evening had deepened into darkness, and the rain was falling ceaselessly and dismally. Jacob Bing and Gusty, both disguised as gipsies, had just driven away upon their return march to Lancashire.

"Miss Glint thinks it's you that have gone, Watson," said the spinster.

"So much the better," responded the valet. "She won't be so much upon her guard as if she thought me still here. Jacob and Gusty will make the night's journey—as I made that of last night—unseen by any one. The rain will keep every farmer's lad in doors, and he'll be in Leicestershire before day, and not a soul will suspect that the wagon's been down here, or that he's not the same fellow that drove it before—although indeed I was scarcely seen by any one since leaving Holcombe Moor. It's been a pretty nice job, pretty nicely executed all through, Judith."

"When shall you leave also?" inquired Miss Bing.

"To-morrow morning before daybreak, if possible. I want to get off before the farmer suspects that you're not alone here."

"You could stay here a year and he'd not suspect it. How the furniture was ever taken care of, I can't tell. When he brings the milk and fowls he refuses to enter the house, ''cause he's afeard of the ghosts,' he said to me very reluctantly when I hunted him down. That story about the ghost makes this the best hiding-place in England, for it keeps visitors away. Even the farmers avoid the road that leads past the Cypresses. And if it wasn't true that there's a ghost here—"

"Bother! Haven't I searched the house to-day from top to bottom?" demanded Bing. "You are as foolish as unreasonable. Why, even Gusty has more courage than you."

"I have courage enough when I have to deal with beings of flesh and blood," said Miss Bing, with a shudder, "but when it comes to invisible creatures that mock one through key-holes and rob the pantry, then I own I am afraid."

"Set a rat-trap, and catch your ghost—that's all I can say. I have something of more importance on my mind than these petty bothers of yours. If I can get that marriage certificate to-night, I'll be off before morning, and walk to the nearest town. I shall disguise myself, because the police may be on the look-out for me at the London terminus, and I shall not approach London from this direction. I shall make a long detour that will bring me in on the Dover or Brighton road. I'm an old fox, and not easily to be caught. And, to make all extra sure, I shall probably walk the last few miles, and arrive in London on foot, to make it appear that I have not been out of town. If I fail to procure the certificate to-night, I shall do it to-morrow night. Sit down, Judith. We must devise a plan to get the paper from the girl's neck. She wears it in an oiled silk bag attached to a necklace."

The fellow-conspirators engaged in a discussion of ways and means that evinced the highest ingenuity on the part of both.

Honor had been restless all the day, and had for much of the time paced her floor, finding relief for her tortured mind in wearying the bodily forces. She drank her tea mechanically. The candle burned out early. The fire was heaped up afresh, but burned dully, the moist air being very heavy. A small bath-closet adjoined the chamber, and was fitted up inexpensively with a portable bath, and a pump by which water might be brought up from a cistern in the cellar. This water was very cold, but Honor pumped up a sufficient quantity for a bath, with which she refreshed herself. She removed every particle of dye from her fair skin, which was found to have been not injured by the application, and washed out her long and wavy tresses of pale gold until the false blackness had been completely removed. She was herself again, fair as a pearl, with golden hair all kinks and waves, and with dusky eyes that seemed fuller of midnight shadows than ever.

Miss Bing had procured from some ladies' furnishing establishment a supply of delicate under garments, with brushes and other necessaries, for Miss Glint, and Honor put on a frilled night robe and sat down again by the fire.

She had in her hand her necklace, to which were attached her onyx ball and the oiled silk bag to which the sharp-sighted Gusty had alluded in conversation with her father. She had put this necklace around her neck after the Hungarian Countess had been conveyed from her room in a state of unconsciousness, and just before leaving Lady Thaxter's house upon her momentous journey to Bolton. The onyx ball was her choicest possession. The little oiled silk bag contained the certificate of her marriage to Darrel Moer. She opened the bag to assure herself of the safety of the important paper, and then clasped the necklace around her neck under her gown.

She crossed the room in her bare feet and examined the hall door. It was locked on the outer side. By the expenditure of considerable strength, Honor pushed her heavy high-post bedstead against it. There was a second door, leading into Miss Bing's room. Honor pushed against this door-frame her heavy chest of drawers.

"The door gives into that room, so that it can be opened without difficulty," she said to herself. "But I must hear the woman if she pushes the chest of drawers. What object can she have in entering my room at night? It is well that I am a light sleeper, however. I shall awaken at the first sound."

She was more tired than she had thought. She went to bed, and was presently sleeping soundly, the sleep that comes to tired youth, deep and dreamless and refreshing.

It might have been an hour later that the door communicating with Miss Bing's room was softly unlocked, and swung ajar as noiselessly as if oiled, which it was undoubtedly. Miss Bing's sharp face peered into the room over the chest of drawers, and retreated abruptly.

"She's asleep, in the first sleep which is always the soundest," Miss Bing whispered to her brother. "Now's our time. We must push the chest of drawers away slowly and very carefully. It's on wheels. Now for it."

The worthy pair put their shoulders against the obstacle Honor had placed in their way, and very gently pushed it forward upon the carpeted floor. It was soon removed sufficiently to enable the gaunt figure of Miss Bing to creep through into Honor's chamber. The valet remained in his sister's room, watching intently. And still Honor slept on as tranquilly as a little child.

Miss Bing's feet were encased in yarn stockings, and her progress toward the bed was noiseless. The fire-light was brighter now, and its ruddy gleams fell full upon the bed and the lovely sleeper. The topmost button in the girl's night robe had come unfastened, and the frill had fallen away from the dainty throat, exposing a slender line of gold.

"The necklace!" thought Miss Bing, her eyes gleaming.

She put out her bony finger and softly unbuttoned the second fastening of the pretty gown, and drew away the frill, leaving bare a patch of white and tender throat, and exposing the little bag of oiled silk. She had her scissors in her pocket; she produced them and cut loose the little packet, clutching it tightly in her hand.

"Bravo!" whispered Bing, peering in at the open door, his evil face thrown into relief against the light background.

The young sleeper turned restlessly on her pillow. Miss Bing began a swift retreat, her eyes fixed upon the bed. At the third step her scissors fell to the floor with a clanking sound.

In an instant Honor was awake. She sprang up in her bed, her wild gaze falling upon the figure of the thief. Her hand flew to her throat: it sought the packet of which she had been robbed.

Miss Bing held up the little bag, waving it in triumphant delight.

"It's here!" she exclaimed. "I've got it. You slept too soundly, Miss!"

She retreated behind the chest of drawers into her own chamber. The valet thrust his sinister face forward again into view and relief. He caught the packet from his sister and flourished it exultantly:

"'All is fair in love and war,' Miss," he exclaimed. "I shall take this paper to my master. It is of the utmost importance to him. I leave this house within an hour on my tramp to the station. You've fought it out well, Miss, but you are fairly beat at last."

He closed the door with a slam, and locked it. About an hour later he left the house, on his secret return to London and Darrel Moer.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NO CLUE YET FOUND.

It must not be supposed that Sir Hugh Tregaron had been idle during these days of Honor's secret and enforced journeying down into Huntingdonshire. He had been most active and indefatigable in his search for her. He had summoned up from London one of the most efficient of the Bow street officers, and had stimulated him to the utmost exertion by the promise of a princely reward when he should have restored Honor to her friends. He had incited the local police to search Bolton thoroughly, and had the police of Manchester and Liverpool also on the look-out for the missing girl. He had visited and questioned Mrs. Glint and her daughter, and had assured himself that Miss Milner was not the author of the lying telegram which had brought Honor to Bolton.

He questioned every cabman in the town, including the one who had loaned his vehicle to Bing, but had failed utterly to obtain any satisfaction. No suspicion attached to any particular cabman. The man who had taken Mrs. Early and Honor to the Red House, and who had been dismissed by the disguised Bing, clearly proved his own innocence in the matter. The police believed the cabman to have come from another place. Mrs. Glint denied all knowledge of the "Irish servant" who had dismissed Mrs. Early's cabman, and affirmed that she kept no man-servant, unless the boy in buttons might be so termed.

Bing's precautions had been so well taken, his disguise was so perfect, his movements so well planned and timed, that no one—not even the police—heard aught of a gipsy wagon which was travelling swiftly by night to the south-east. Not a clue could be found to the missing girl. The cab in which she had been taken away, with its apparently intoxicated driver, had been seen at Four Lane Ends on that eventful night, and was then directed, as it seemed, toward Holcombe Moor. But it was not traced further. Beyond Four Lane Ends it might have been swallowed up in the earth like Korah and his hosts, for all trace that remained.

Upon the third day after Honor's mysterious disappearance, Mrs. Early, heart-sick and nearly ill, travelled back to London with poor Lucky Banner, whose anguish at the loss of her young mistress was terrible.

The girl asserted, and persisted in the assertion, that Miss Honor had been murdered. Some of the police-officers, impressed with her belief, had echoed it. A search of the river and canal was instituted, but of course without avail.

Mrs. Early found Lady Thaxter quite worn out with excitement. Telegrams were arriving twice a day from Sir Hugh Tregaron, bearing the message, "No trace yet," and her ladyship was constantly replying to them.

By the utmost care upon the part of Sir Hugh and his Bow street official, the affair had been kept out of the newspapers. Lady Thaxter shrank from publicity, and did not even inform Lord Waldemar fully upon the subject. Perhaps in this she was guided by a wish not to betray her distress to the one who might have occasioned it, namely, Darrel Moer.

The Hungarian Countess had been electrified at the tidings of the young girl's disappearance. She had shut herself up in her own room for half a day, but at the end of that period had ordered a carriage, and appeared in street costume, pale, but calm and resolute. Without saying anything of her intentions to Lady Thaxter, she drove directly to Bow street, and sought the services of an able officer, to whom she told the circumstances of Honor's disappearance, adding:

"I have reason to believe that this young lady has an enemy in Mr. Darrel Moer, nephew of Lord Waldemar, and I think the easiest way to find her may be to watch him. Let him be kept under a constant surveillance, day and night; also his valet Bing."

"It shall be done, my lady. Both shall be shadowed faithfully."

The Countess paid a retaining fee, and drove back to Park Lane, convinced that she had taken a most necessary step, and the only one that could lead to success.

Every morning thereafter came a sealed note to her address with the report of the detective, and each time it was to the same effect. Darrel Moer was at his uncle's house, went to his club, drove or rode in Hyde Park with his uncle's heiress, and dined with a friend, but there was no light gained to the mystery of the young lady's disappearance.

Upon the fifth day the contents of the note varied from those that had preceded. The man Bing had been found living in an obscure lodging, which he had engaged a week before. The detective had disguised himself as the landlord's agent, sent to examine the house; and in looking through Bing's room, had managed to ingratiate himself with the valet, who had been turned off by his master, Bing said, a week before. The valet appeared distressed at having lost his situation, and was on the point of going back to his late employer, humbling himself, and beg to be taken again into favor. The detective had studied the valet very closely, and believed him honest. The detective had also questioned the other lodgers in the house, and those who knew of the existence of Bing were ready to affirm that he had not been away from his lodgings during the week.

The astute detective might have altered his opinion of Bing's honesty, could he have seen that worthy directly after his own departure from the house.

"That a landlord's agent!" muttered Bing. "Not much. He's too inquisitive for a business man short of time. Minute he asked me if I was an old lodger here, and could tell him about the plumbing arrangements, that minute I knew his pedigree. I know them Bow street fellows. I suspected Sir Hugh Tregaron'd set one after me. Lucky I didn't go to Park Lane when I came back from Huntingdonshire. Lucky I took every precaution possible. Lucky I let my friend Dart, who's out of a place, occupy my room nights during my absence. Makes everybody in the house believe I was here. They'd swear that I've not been away a single night, if necessary. I think now, considering the way I put it to the detective, otherwise agent, that I may safely visit Park Lane this evening. Mr. Moer must be getting anxious."

Accordingly that very evening Bing, with the oiled silk packet on his person, made his way to Park Lane. As he approached the Waldemar mansion, he beheld Darrel Moer coming lightly down the steps.

A man was lounging near the house, looking in an opposite direction, apparently waiting for some one. Bing took his measure directly.

"Another detective," he said to himself. "And, as it happens, I've got to meet Mr. Moer within earshot of him. It's too late to turn back. Mr. Moer means to speak to me. If my master is sharp enough, we'll get through yet and hoodwink all Bow street at the same time."

With some misgivings as to his master's course, and feeling sure that any attempt to warn Moer would bring suspicion upon them, or rather deepen it, he took off his hat humbly, and drew nearer to him.

As he had foreseen, he encountered Moer at a point not five feet distant from the lounger, whose back was turned toward them, and who seemed impatiently awaiting an arrival.

Moer did not give his valet time to speak, but addressed him immediately, with considerable sharpness:

"Is that you, Bing? Have you found another situation yet?"

"No, Mr. Moer—no, sir," stammered Bing. "I was just coming back to see if you would kindly overlook my insolence and give me another chance."

"I told you you wouldn't soon find a master as kind to you as I've been," said Moer carelessly. "If you think you can behave yourself, why, you can come back. Go up to my room and put my things in order. I'll see you when I get home from my club."

Moer sauntered on, the picture of elegant ease, handsome and smiling, apparently without a care or anxiety.

Bing procured admittance into Lord Waldemar's house, told the servants he had been dismissed by his master the previous week, but had now been restored to his former position, and finally went up to Moer's room.

The lounger in the street followed Moer at a distance, seeing him to his club.

"It all looks fair and aboveboard," the detective thought. "I am inclined to think that Mr. Moer and his man Bing don't know anything about the girl. She's beautiful. No doubt she has other admirers. We are perhaps wasting time upon the wrong tack. Still, if my lady says so, we can keep a watch on Mr. Moer a week or two longer. He's innocent, or he's the artfulest man in the world."

The proposition was not unreasonable.

Darrel Moer came home at the usual hour that evening, lingered an hour in the drawing-room with the ladies, and finally ascended to his own room. Bing was stretched out upon a couch. He arose as his master locked the door.

"I suppose you know that that street lounger was a detective, Bing?" exclaimed Moer. "I've been 'shadowed' by the fellow in a dozen disguises during the past week. The only news I have heard of your movements has been through Lord Waldemar's remarks, and the presence of that detective who follows me everywhere. I am glad you did not write, and that you did not return before. I gave out that I had discharged you."

"Our stories agree then. I told a detective to-day that I had been discharged, but was coming back to humble myself," said Bing.

"Well, what luck?"

"This!" cried the valet, holding up the oiled silk packet.

Darrel Moer seized it and tore it open.

The certificate of his marriage to Honor Glint fell out upon the floor.

He picked it up, read it carefully, and laid it upon his fire. It flamed up and burned to an ash.

"So perishes the last scrap of evidence of that foolish marriage!" muttered Moer. "I was impatient until I had contracted it, but even while I stood at the altar I repented of my folly. I cannot imagine how I ever threw myself away upon a nameless, penniless girl. Well, the marriage is now dissolved. At any rate, I defy the girl, and Tregaron too, to prove the marriage."

"She is very beautiful," said Bing.

"As beautiful as an angel!" said Moer. "My affection for her begins to revive, now that she is no longer a clog upon me. Where is she?"

"At the Cypresses. My sister guards her. Is she to remain there, sir?"

"Until after my marriage with Miss Floyd, yes. How much longer, I can't tell. I am not quite certain as to my disposal of her. Are you sure she is safe—that you have not been traced to the Cypresses—that you left no clue? The detectives are very keen, and Tregaron is all alive in his eagerness to find the girl."

Bing replied by narrating in what manner he had conducted the forcible transfer of Honor to Huntingdonshire. Moer was enraptured with his skill and ingenuity.

"I can take lessons of you, Bing," he said. "You'd make a first-class detective. They ought to have you on their list in Bow street. We'll keep away from the Cypresses till the search is blown over. Meanwhile my courtship here is prospering finely. We'll let matters run. Eat, drink and sleep as if you were under surveillance. We have then but little to fear."

Moer adopted this precept for his own guidance. Every word he said, even to Lord Waldemar, was duly weighed and considered.

Upon the day succeeding the return of Bing to Park Lane, Lady Thaxter received a dispatch from Sir Hugh Tregaron that a young lady, answering in most particulars to the descriptions of Miss Glint, had been seen at Liverpool, and he was gone to that town to follow up the clue.

A later dispatch announced that the clue was a false one, that the young lady bore no resemblance to Honor, and that Sir Hugh had seen her.

Similar false clues were discovered and followed during the week that followed, but the right clue was not found. Darrel Moer and his man Bing in London were "shadowed" in all their goings out and comings in, but to no avail.

In the course of a fortnight, the Bolton police were confirmed in their belief of Honor's death, and a newer mystery arising in London, calling upon the ablest men of the force for their efforts at its elucidation, the officer employed by the Hungarian Countess begged her to suffer the mystery of Miss Glint's disappearance to remain in abeyance, to be taken up at some future time, declaring that he could not make headway in his attempts to solve it at present.

Accordingly the "shadows" were removed from the paths of Darrel Moer and his servant.

"It seems to be left to me to study out the matter alone," said Lady Rothsmere to herself. "But there is Sir Hugh Tregaron, who may be able to help me. I'll direct his researches. I know that Honor is living. I know that I shall find her."

Sir Hugh returned to London opportunely, but so exhausted by his labors of day and night that the Hungarian Countess forbore to set him upon a new search until he should have become thoroughly rested. He was pale and thin and worn, and his grave, sad eyes had in them at times a look of unutterable longing.

"It is nearly three weeks since Honor disappeared," Sir Hugh said to her ladyship and to his aunt. "My poor little girl! Where can she be? She must think I have abandoned her. She is not dead. That I feel with the force of conviction. But where is she? Into whose hands has she fallen? Is Darrel Moer concerned in her disappearance? He is—he must be! I'll see him to-morrow and wring the truth from his lying throat."

But fate had contrived to thwart Sir Hugh's design.

That very evening Grimrod, who had spent the three weeks which had elapsed since Miss Floyd's betrothal to Moer, in Yorkshire, appeared at the Waldemar town-house, and had a private interview with Moer.

The substance of the interview was contained in this remark, from the lips of the Mephistophelean manager:

"You've resided in this parish long enough to render your marriage here valid, Mr. Moer. I've got to go down into Surrey on some business for my lord, and I shall be absent three days. I leave town in the morning. This is Tuesday. I shall be back on Friday. Suppose you get out your license on Friday, and marry Miss Floyd on Saturday, allowing me to be present at the marriage ceremony?"

"The time suits me perfectly well," said Moer—"better than an earlier day. The truth is, I am not feeling well to-day. I fancy I have taken a cold. It is settled then that I am to be married on Saturday? I will speak to Miss Floyd to-night."

He did so, finding her well pleased to hasten on the clandestine marriage. She agreed to accompany him to church on Saturday morning.

Several times during the evening, Moer incidentally mentioned that he felt nearly ill. He retired early in consequence of indisposition, as he said, and once in his room rung a sonorous peal for Bing. His valet appeared.

"Lock the door, Bing," said his master. "The day of my marriage is fixed for Saturday of this week."

"I congratulate you, sir."

"On the fortune I am getting for myself! I shall be a rich man, Bing, and I sha'n't forget your services. I must see Honor before I marry Miss Floyd. An impulse has come over me to visit her, and I always obey my impulses. It won't be so easy to get away after marriage as before, I fancy. The detectives have been drawn off my track, and I know a disguise in which I could even pass them if I liked without risk of discovery. I can go and return in twenty-four to thirty-six hours. You must give out that I am not feeling well. I've prepared the way for such an excuse by saying to-night that I am ill; and you must keep my door locked until my return. Remember. Let no one in on any pretence whatever."

Bing gave the required promise.

A little later, that same night, Darrel Moer slipped out of the area-way of his uncle's house, skillfully disguised to represent a certain frequent visitor of Bing, a relative, an elderly man with a patch over one eye, a long wig, and a stooping gait. No one would have recognized, in the accurate copy of a real personage, the graceful and handsome Darrel Moer.

And, unrecognized and unsuspected by friend or foe, Darrel Moer proceeded to Huntingdonshire by a night train, booking himself for the station nearest the Cypresses, and finishing his journey on foot.

When Sir Hugh Tregaron arrived at Lord Waldemar's residence, worn yet resolute, with the fire of determination in his grave gray eyes, he was assured by Mrs. Watchley that Mr. Moer was ill in his room with sick headache, and could see no one.

The young Cornish Baronet hesitated and reflected.

"I won't tell Lord Waldemar till his nephew's guilt is proved beyond all cavil," he thought. "He suffered enough through his son. I'll spare him all pain as long as possible, even as Lady Thaxter and Lady Rothsmere have done. But I'll meet Moer face to face and know the truth."

He hastened to take his departure, returning home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LEAKY CABIN.

Poor man! He thought the sun would always shine, and in the morning of his life he basked in the warm bright rays, never heeding that the night and the storm might come, and that he might need shelter. The storm came at length, and, finding him houseless, it pelted him without mercy. The day of his opportunity was passed, and he could only bow his head and suffer.

The old fiddler in his leaky cabin is a fair type of a large class of people, though few have the philosophy of content that smoothed his wayward lot.

A traveller, in the midst of a pelting storm of wind and rain, found a dilapidated cabin by the wayside, and entered. Through numerous cracks and fissures in wall and roof the flood poured in trickling streams, and only one spot of littered floor in the coop was dry, and that was in one corner where an old coverlit was suspended roofwise, and underneath which sat the owner of the cabin playing upon a fiddle. He ceased his music as the stranger entered, and offered him a seat by his side beneath the coverlit.

"You seem to be musical under difficulties," remarked the traveller, after he had gained the shelter.

"I fiddle to keep away the blues," answered the host.

"Is this cabin yours?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you patch up the walls and roof, and stop this fearful leaking?"

"Mercy! would you have a man go out in such a storm? The remedy would be worse than the disease."

"But," urged the traveller, "why don't you patch it during pleasant weather?"

"Why—bless your soul!" exclaimed the host, "*in pleasant weather it don't leak!*" C.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1872.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

OUR TERMS FOR 1872—NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Single copies, $3 per annum; four copies, $10, which is $2.50 a copy; eight copies, $20. The party who sends us $20 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free.* Postmasters and others who get up clubs, in their respective towns, can afterwards add single copies at $2.50. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage. When a draft or money-order can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. The postage on the *Ledger* to all parts of the country is only twenty cents a year, or five cents a quarter, payable at the office where the paper is delivered.

☞ We employ no travelling agents. Address all communications to

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

The Deepened Mystery of the Nathan Murder.

The murder of BENJAMIN NATHAN, a rich and estimable old banker, in his own house, in the very heart of the city, and directly opposite to one of the entrances to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and within a stone's throw of it, more than two years ago, has always remained involved in the mystery which, from the beginning, involved that strange and terrible crime. But lately that mystery has been deepened and made more interesting, perhaps more significant.

WILLIAM FORRESTER, a great criminal, and an escaped convict from the State-prison at Joliet, Illinois, where he had thirteen years' remainder of a term to serve out, was arrested at Washington, after a long and often baffled pursuit of him by the detectives, and brought to this city with much pompous—not to say ridiculous—fuss, by the police. He was ironed, and doubly ironed, manacled and chained, and it was proclaimed abroad as a mighty achievement, that the whole police force had been able to land this great criminal hero, as he seemed to be regarded, safely in a station-house in New York city.

Then dark and mysterious hints were given out, of most convincing proofs of his complicity in the murder of Mr. NATHAN, which had been discovered long since, kept carefully secret up to this time, but which would soon be made known, to the great astonishment and relief of the public mind. Some said that certain articles, known to have been on Mr. NATHAN'S person at the time he was killed, had been traced to FORRESTER'S possession. Others alleged that it could be proved, at the least, and to begin with, that FORRESTER was in the city at the time the murder was committed, and engaged about that time in the perpetration of several burglaries; while he stoutly, and to the end, asserted that he could show by the testimony of several witnesses that on that very day he was in New Orleans.

If the police kept up the search for FORRESTER for two years; offered rewards for his arrest; travelled thousands of miles in pursuit of him; followed him, wherever they could discover his tracks, from place to place; assumed disguises—sometimes the dress of a female—as they allege that they did, to ensnare him: if, we say, they did all this without any knowledge or well-grounded suspicion that he was guilty, then the police would seem to have been extremely stupid.

Now, did they know, or did they not know anything about it? Has all this hue and cry been made in an honest belief that they were pursuing the real culprit, or merely for the purpose of diverting public attention, and satisfying, by a false glare, the imperious public demand for light on this dark subject?

It has often been said that the death of a distinguished luminary in the police force was occasioned by his over-anxiety to discover the NATHAN murderer; while, on the other hand, some have the hardihood to throw out insinuations that his death was hastened, not by too little, but by too much knowledge on this awful subject. As we understand it, he suspected some person besides FORRESTER.

On the whole, the darkness and clouds have not been cleared away in the least, but rather the darkness has been made visible; and if no fresh suspicions have been created, old suspicions have been reawakened, if not confirmed. Will this murder ever out?

Going Back of the Memory of the Oldest Inhabitant.

Queen Victoria has been paying a visit to the Castle of Dunrobin, where she laid the memorial stone of a monument to the Duchess of Sutherland. The clergyman who welcomed her said:

> "May it please your Majesty: On the occasion of the last royal visit to Sutherland, when King Alexander II. of Scotland sojourned here for a time, 640 years ago, the circumstances were very different from those under which we now respectfully greet his most illustrious successor."

We rather think they were. *Six hundred and forty years* would seem to be time enough to make a considerable change in circumstances. We trust the next six hundred and forty will not change those of us or any of our readers to the worse.

Funny Names.

There is a law firm in this city of Goodman & Trueman. Certainly clients who fall into the hands of a good man and a true man ought to fare well!

At one time, in a single store in New York, there were two men named *Spring,* two named *Rivers,* and two named *Waters*—quite a moist concern, one would suppose!

Many years ago, there was a firm of auctioneers here—well known as politicians too—of *Slam, Bang & Company;* and in political affairs at least the name seemed quite appropriate, for it was a very noisy firm.

An old Boston firm lived and flourished under the pious title of *Neal & Pray.*

Death of Rev. Dr. Vinton.

We record with sincere regret the death of the Rev. FRANCIS VINTON, D. D., of Brooklyn, Associate Rector of Trinity Church in this city.

Dr. VINTON was a graduate of West Point, and studied law and was admitted to the bar before he became a minister. He was a man of great and versatile talent, and was peculiarly winning and attractive in his manners. His friends were numerous, and were very warmly attached to him.

Dr. VINTON was one of the Twelve Distinguished Clergymen who wrote a series of articles for the *Ledger.*

GOOD-BYE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Farewell to the mountains! The time is up. Vacation is ended. Business begins to loom up. The distant city roars as a hungry lion for its food. The absentees are flocking homeward. Every stage toward the mountains is empty. Every stage away from them is loaded to its utmost. Farewell to the morning and the evening in the mountains! the early mists that rise in the hollows and valleys! to the warm sun that sets them in motion and consumes them; to the shadows of clouds that drop upon the sides of the hills, and move darkly across them; to the long shadows which the morning throws westward; to the long evening shadows which the west throws eastward! The overcast day, as it is departing, opens a rift of clear sky along the horizon. Down drops the sun into the open space, and looks upon the earth like a lover long absent. It is not the direct rays of evening sunlight that make the most resplendent effects. When several strata of clouds lie above, and the light is reflected from them upon the mountains and the fields, one shall see the very grandeur and witching subtlety of evening light.

Farewell to purple mountains changing to rose; to the dark shadows that pursue both rose and purple colors and extinguish both. Farewell to the Ammonusuc, that all night long has rushed past, and lulled every waking hour with its music; to the fair meadows, the walks beyond them, the wood-paths, with all their fringes of exquisite ferns; to the deep moss that for miles covers stones, fallen trunks a foot deep in moist greenery, over which one walks with footsteps soundless, silent as the moonbeams upon the grass.

Already upon the shattered top of Mount Washington the snows have begun their winter camp. Lower and lower along the sides they will descend with every autumn week, till winter maps the whole region in white. Ere long those scarlet purples whose colors burn along the hills will be quenched; those boughs that now are lifted up like a warrior's scarlet plume, will stand bare in the whistling winds, and forget the gorgeous drapery of autumn.

In this pearl of mountain homes—the Twin Mountain House—have passed five weeks, full of health, defying Hay Fever and all its hateful adjuncts, and ministering to the whole man rest, relief, and balmy gladness. The happy faces of the great family gathered here are gone, to shine in other spheres. The bustle and noise of stages coming and going have ceased. None come to take the places of those every day departing. I hear a blue jay—I hear the solemn old crows. Besides these the birds seem all to have left. I feel the spirit of migration too, and am ready to fly away. Farewell, cloud and shadow, light and darkness, mountain height and deep ravine, brooks and river, bush, and plants hiding under it, ferns and lichens, shivering poplars and graceful birch, fish that will not be caught, shining crickets that leap into the water and are caught—these, and all insects in the air, under stones, and all the mute and timid things that run from the face of man, but not from mine, to all farewell, perhaps forever. But others will behold them. Even if no human eye was left to see the bright harvest which the sun ripens round the world, God lives. His eyes are open on the earth. He will see, and rejoice!

Prevalence of Brigandage in Italy—Alleged Necessity of Capital Punishment.

The stern realities of the brigandage prevailing in Italy at the present day surpass any stories which we have ever published about it in former times. The present Italian government undertook to suppress this species of crime, and for a time its vigorous efforts were attended with considerable success; but they have been relaxed, and brigands are now more numerous and bolder, apparently, than ever.

A correspondent of the London *Times,* writing from Naples, gives the following description of the state of insecurity existing in that city:

> "The common thief snatches your chain at noonday, giving you an inch of steel if necessary, only because observant crowds fear to interfere. As it is, no one can be sure in driving from his hotel to the railway whether he will find his baggage safe on arriving. Thieves run on his right and left, and in spite of so-called guards, and a busy crowd, will make a successful venture."

He then goes on to show, by official evidence, addressed to the Italian Government, that in the country brigandage is increasing, because it is carried on with impunity. Enormous sums are demanded and exacted as the ransom of rich captives. Peasants and small proprietors virtually go shares with the brigands, and aid essentially in their protection and escape.

The *Times,* commenting on this deplorable condition of things, remarks:

> "The reason is obvious, and a single fact stated by our correspondent supplies a complete, if not a satisfactory commentary. He tells us that there has not been *a single execution* in Naples since that of Agesilao Milano, for the attempt to assassinate Ferdinand II., and since then violence has been rife everywhere, *and atrocious murders systematically perpetrated for mercenary motives have been common.* We should never advocate a vindictive administration of justice, but the Italian Government's misplaced lenity makes it the accomplice of crimes which are the scandal of the country."

Hereditary Transmission of Fear.

In England they have what are called the Autumn Manœuvres of the army. They camp out and fight great mimic battles.

The farmers in the vicinity where these military operations are carried on complain that their flocks of sheep have been so frightened by the noise of the guns and cannon that they will not recover from the effects for generations to come.

Similar observations have been made in regard to sheep before. It is well known that if dogs get among a flock of sheep and worry them badly and tear them, the lambs are likely, for successive generations, to appear timid, frightened and uneasy.

The Luxury of Home.

Travel is pleasant. The change of air and the change of scene are beneficial alike to body and mind. It is pleasant to meet so many agreeable people, and it is delightful to look upon the varying and often beautiful scenery.

Travel is instructive. It suggests new ideas, and gives one a knowledge of the world to be acquired in no other way.

But after all there is nothing else so pleasant and so enjoyable as the independence and the luxury of one's own home at last. Travel is pleasant, but home is delightful!

Rise in the Price of Shetland Ponies.

Since the employment of children in coal mines has been prohibited by law in Great Britain, Shetland ponies have been substituted in their place; and the consequence is that the price of these little ponies, in the islands to which they are native, has advanced from fifteen to fifty dollars.

GOOD-BYE, GRASSES.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Good-bye, summer grasses,
That tangle and loop,
With heads heavy-laden
And fibres adroop;
You've knotted a summer,
To have and to hold
In your meshes of shadow
And sunlighted gold—
Good-bye and good-bye!

The dew, with a shiver,
Falls low and is lost;
Swift-ending October
But heralds the frost;
The bee flitting yonder
Comes never to woo,
The cricket sings softly
His trill of adieu—
Good-bye and good-bye!

Oh, summer-time grasses,
That die at my feet!
My friends meek and lowly,
True, tender and sweet,
You waver and linger,
Reluctant to fade,
With tear-drops a-glitter,
Or seed-plume and blade:
Good-bye and good-bye!

Next summer?—No matter;
Sweet grasses will grow,
Whether footsteps go over,
Or hearts lie below;
The bee and the cricket
Will sing as they fly.
Shall we meet in the summer,
Sweet grass, you and I?
Good-bye and good-bye!

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Time brings its revenges. I read, in a recent number of the London *Athenæum,* a quiet advertisement informing the public that "it is proposed to honor the memory of Dr. Priestley, and to commemorate his discoveries, and his services to the scientific world, by the erection of a statue in Birmingham, where he lived so many years."

The advertisement goes on to say that, as no other public memorial of Dr. Priestley exists, it is believed that a large number of persons interested in science will be glad to contribute something to perpetuate the memory "of the father of Pneumatic Chemistry, the discoverer of oxygen, and one of the most illustrious men of science whom the last century produced." Then follows a list of sixty-six subscriptions, varying in amount from fifty pounds to ten shillings. Among the names we recognize those of Professor Huxley, Mr. Martineau, Dr. Russell, Sir Rowland Hill, and several other members of the Royal Society.

A statue to Priestley in Birmingham! Does the reader happen to remember how Dr. Priestley left Birmingham seventy-nine years ago? July the fourteenth, 1791, some of the liberal people of that city proposed to celebrate by a public dinner the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, which had taken place only two years before. But two years, in revolutionary times, is equal to a century. When the Bastille was destroyed, in 1789, the event was hailed with joy throughout the world; but during the two years following, the revolutionists of Paris committed excesses which repelled and disheartened all but the stanchest friends of liberty—all but such as Priestley, who was recognized in Birmingham as a chief and representative of the liberal party. Priestley had published a reply to the "Reflections" of Edmund Burke. He had been named a citizen of the French Republic. He had defended the Revolution in the local press.

The aristocratic faction of Birmingham, whose instinct was then, and is now, to advance their cause by violence, determined to prevent the celebration. It is easy to stir up a riot in times of popular excitement, but it is not so easy to limit or check its ravages. After breaking up the banquet, and destroying the tavern in which it was given, the mob rushed to the house of Priestley, who had not attended the dinner, broke it open, and compelled the family to seek safety in flight. The rioters took out his books in armfuls—those precious books, the solace of his life, which he had been fifty years in gathering, for he was a hoarder of books from his infancy. His library was scattered over the road for half a mile, and his torn manuscripts covered the floors of his house. His apparatus was broken to pieces; and when the destruction of the interior was complete, the house was set on fire. The fire, however, was extinguished before further harm was done.

This disaster, strange to relate, made the philosopher's fortune; for although the jury, after a trial of nine years, awarded him but twenty-five hundred pounds damages, of his claim of more than four thousand, the liberal portion of the public subscribed handsomely to make good his loss. His own brother-in-law, as Lord Brougham tells us, gave him ten thousand pounds, besides settling upon him an annuity of two hundred pounds for life. As he already had a pension of one hundred and fifty pounds a year from Lord Shelburne, whose librarian he had formerly been, he was now in very liberal circumstances for a philosopher. In Pennsylvania, where he spent the residue of his life, such an income, at that period, was even superabundant.

There is an error in the advertisement quoted above. It is not true, that no "public memorial" of Dr. Priestley has been erected. Every soda fountain is his monument; and we all know how numerous and how splendid *they* are. Every fountain too whence flow the home-made water of Vichy and Kissingen is a monument to Priestley, for it was he who discovered the essential portions of the process by which all such waters are made. The misfortune is, however, that of the millions of human beings who quaff the cool and sparkling soda, not one in a thousand would know what name to pronounce, if he were called upon to drink to the memory of the inventor. And really his invention of soda-water is a reason why Americans should join in the scheme to honor his memory. He not only did all he could to assist the birth of the nation, but he invented the national beverage.

Yet he always protested that he was very little of a chemist; and often said that his making chemical experiments at all was a kind of accident. A Yorkshireman by birth, the son of a cloth finisher, he was one of those boys who take to learning as a duck takes to the water. He was an eager, precipitate student from his childhood up. Not content with the Latin and Greek of his school, he must needs learn Hebrew in the vacations, and push on into other ancient languages of the East, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, not neglecting such trifles as French, Italian and German. This way of passing youth never fails to do lasting injury. He had an aversion to the glorious sports of the play-ground, and to all the lighter literature. Need I say then, that before he was eighteen years of age, his health had completely broken down, and he was obliged to lay aside his books for months.

Beginning life as a Calvinist minister, he gradually adopted a milder theology—became, in fact, a Unitarian, and abandoned the pulpit for a time. Then he set up a school. He spent many years in teaching and writing school-books; his first publication being an English grammar for children. At one school, where he taught for a while, a course of lectures was given upon chemistry, a science of which he knew nothing, not even its object or nature. Attending these lectures, his curiosity was awakened, and he began to experiment.

It was Dr. Franklin's influence, however, that weaned him from other subjects, and caused him to devote his main strength to science. In 1761, when Dr. Franklin was in London, Priestley, who was in the habit of visiting the city once a year, sought the acquaintance of Franklin, and became intimate with him. Franklin related to him the history of those delightful six winters, during which he and his Philadelphia friends were experimenting in electricity. The young schoolmaster, who had already had some success in book-making, now offered to write a history of electricity, if Franklin would put him in the way of getting the material. Twelve months after, Franklin had the pleasure of receiving from his industrious friend a copy of the work, one of those square, massive quartos, in which the science of that age was usually given to the world. In this work was printed for the first time the narrative of Franklin's immortal experiment with the kite, which Priestley received from the experimenter's own lips. It is a curious fact in the history of science, that Dr. Franklin himself never took the trouble to write out an account of this experiment—the most daring, ingenious and celebrated which science records. The work was remarkably successful, passing through three editions in nine years. From this time onward, Priestley was almost wholly a man of science, and no year passed without his adding something to human knowledge. He very greatly increased our knowledge of the air we breathe, and its constituent gases.

He would have been even more successful, if he had been more favored by fortune. Being compelled, through his poverty, to spend a large portion of his time and strength in earning his livelihood, he could not follow out his discoveries, nor pursue them with that watchful calm so necessary for avoiding error, and perfecting truth. His zeal, however, made up in some degree for his lack of means, and the list of his discoveries will always invest his name with distinction.

Later in life, he accepted an offer to enter the service of the Earl of Shelburne as librarian. He had better retained his poverty and independence. He groaned under servitude, and would have thrown up his employment sooner than he did, but for the advice of Dr. Franklin. Franklin told him to arrange all the reasons for keeping his situation in one column, and all the reasons for leaving it in another, then strike a balance, and so reach a wise conclusion. Priestley supported his servitude a while longer, but was glad enough to retire in 1778, upon a pension of one hundred and fifty pounds a year.

During the whole period of Franklin's residence in England, Priestley aided him by his pen and influence in opening the eyes of the public to the folly of the Ministry in estranging the American colonies. The last day of Franklin's stay in London, Priestley spent with him, from morning to night, without interruption, looking over American newspapers just arrived. Franklin was completely overcome with the prospect of a civil war, and the dismemberment of the Empire.

"A great part of the day," says Dr. Priestley, "he was looking over a number of American newspapers, directing me what to extract from them for the English ones; and in reading them he was frequently not able to proceed for the tears literally running down his cheeks."

The two friends never met again; for it was not until 1794, when Franklin had been dead four years, that the English philosopher landed in New York. He had a distinguished public reception in the city, and, proceeding to Philadelphia, he was invited to become Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania. He declined on the ground that he did not know enough of the subject. He refused also an offer, most munificent for that day, of a thousand dollars, for a course of scientific lectures in Philadelphia. His labors in America were chiefly theological, and he resided usually on his son's farm in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania. He died in 1804, aged seventy-one. He was an immense personage in his day. The public were constantly reminded of his existence by some publication bearing his name. According to Allibone, he gave the public one hundred and forty-one separate works.

DANGEROUS ILLNESS OF FANNY FERN.—FANNY FERN is extremely ill—we fear hopelessly, and of an incurable disease. We know that this announcement will carry immeasurable sorrow to the hearts of our readers, and that their warmest sympathy will be extended to the gifted authoress in her hour of suffering.

The following is the first article that FANNY FERN wrote for the *Ledger.*

It was published in the *Ledger* of January 5, 1856—over sixteen years ago. Since that day she has never failed once to furnish an article for every number of the *Ledger.* We think no other editor can say this of any contributor for the same period of time.

OUR FIRST NURSE.

Now sit down, and I will tell you all about it. Charley and I were engaged. Youth comes but once, you know, and if we waited to be married until we could furnish a house in fashionable style— Well, you see, we knew too much for that; we got married, and left other couples to grow gray, if they liked, on the distant prospect of damask curtains, gold salt-cellars and trains of innumerable servants.

Charley did not know the meaning of a "club-house," and the shopkeepers flashed their diamonds and satins in vain in my face; I never gave them a thought. We had some nice books and some choice engravings, presented to Charley by an old antiquary who had taken a fancy to him. You might have gone into many a parlor on which thousands had been lavished, and liked ours all the better when you came back. Still it wanted something—that we both agreed; for no house can be said to be properly furnished without a baby. Santa Claus, good soul, understood that, and Christmas day he brought us one, weighing the usual eight pounds, and as lively as a cricket. Such lungs as it had! Charley said it was intended for a minister.

Well, now it was all right, or would have been, if the baby had not involved a nurse. We had, to be sure, a vague idea that we must have one, and *as* vague an idea of what a nurse was. We thought her a good kind of creature who understood baby-dom, and never interfered with any little family arrangements.

Not a bit of it!

The very first thing she did was to make preparations to sleep in my room, and send Charley off into a desolate spare chamber. Charley! *my* Charley! whose shaving operations I had watched with the intensest interest, mixing up little foam seas of "lather" for him, handing him little square bits of paper to wipe his razor upon, and applying nice bits of court-plaster when he accidentally cut his chin, while we were laughing. Charley! whose cravats I had tied to suit my fancy every blessed morning, whose hair I had brushed up in elegant confusion, whose whiskers I had coaxed and trimmed, and— Well, any one, unless a bachelor or old maid, who reads this, can see that it was perfectly ridiculous.

Charley looked at me, and I looked at him, and then we both looked at the brand-new baby—and there's where she had us. You might have seen it with half an eye, as she folded her hands complacently over her apron strings, and sat down in my little rocking-chair opposite the bed.

I felt as though I was sold to the Evil One, as she fixed her basilisk eyes on me when Charley left the room. Poor Charley! He did not want to go. He neither smoked, nor drank, nor played billiards; he loved home and—me; so he wandered up stairs and down, sat with his hands in his pockets staring at the parlor fire till he could bear it no longer, and then came up stairs to get comforted. If you'll believe it, that woman came fussing round the bed after him, just as if he were infringing some of her rights and immunities.

What if he did bring me a sly piece of cake in his pocket? Who likes to live on gruel forever? What if he did open the blinds and let a little blessed sunlight in, when she tried to humbug us into the belief that "it would hurt the baby's eyes," because she was too lazy to wipe the dust from the furniture? What if he did steal one of her knitting needles, when she sat there, evening after evening, knitting round, and round, and round that interminable old gray stocking, my eyes following her with a horrid sort of fascination, till my nerves were wound up to the screaming point? What if I did tell him that she always set her rocking-chair on that loose board in the floor, which sent forth that little crucifying squeak, and that she always said "Bless me!" and was always sure to get on to it again the very next time she sat down? What if I did tell him that when she had eaten too much dinner, and wanted to take a sly nap, she would muffle the baby up in so many blankets it couldn't cry if it wanted to, and then would draw the curtains closely round my bed, and tell me that "it was high time I took a nap?"—I, who neither by stratagem nor persuasion could ever be induced to sleep in the daytime!—I, who felt as if my eyelashes were fastened up to the roots of my hair, and as if legions of little ants were crawling all over me!

What if I did tell him that she got up a skirmish with me every night, because I would not wear a nuisance called a night-cap? What if I did tell him that she insisted upon putting a sticky pitch-plaster upon my neck, for a little ghost of a cough—occasioned by her stirring the ashes in the grate too furiously—and that when I out-generalled her, and clapped it round the bed post instead, she muttered spitefully that "a handsome neck wouldn't keep me out of my coffin?" What if I did tell him that she tried on my nice little lace collars, when she thought I was asleep at night, and insisted on my drinking detestable porter, that its second-hand influence might "make the baby sleep?" What if I did; was he not my husband? Did I not tell him everything? laugh with him? cry with him? eat out of *his* plate? drink out of *his* cup of tea, because being his, I fancied they tasted better than mine? And didn't he *like it too?* Of course he did!

What if I did tell him all this? Poor Charley! *he* was forlorn too; his cravats were tied like a fright all the time I was sick, his hair looked like any other man's, the buttons were off his pretty velvet vest, and he had not even the heart to get his boots blacked. Poor Charley!

Well; that nurse had the impudence to tell us one evening, that "we acted like two children." "*Children!*" *We? Us?* the parents of that eight-pound baby? That was the last drop in our cup. Charley paid her, and I was so glad when she went that I laughed till I cried.

Then we both drew a long breath and sat down and looked at the new baby—*our* baby; and Charley asked me about its little sleeping habits, and I told him, with a shake of the head, that I could not speak definitely on that point; and then we discussed, in a whisper, the respective merits of cribs and cradles, and the propriety of teaching it at an early period, that impressive line of Mrs. Hemans:

"Night is the time for sleep."

And then Charley got up and exchanged his musical boots for a noiseless pair of slippers, and changed the position of the shovel, tongs and poker, and oiled the creaking hinge of the closet door, and laid a chair over the squeaking board in the floor, that he might not tread on it, and with one eye on the baby gently shaded the night lamp; and then he looked at me, and gave a little sort of congratulatory nod; and then he drew off his vest and hung it over a chair, and then—out rattled a perfect tempest of half-dollars, quarters, shillings and sixpences on the hearth. Of course the baby woke—frightened out of a year's growth—and screamed until it was black in the face. In vain its poor inexperienced papa kissed it, scratching its little velvet face with his rough whiskers the while! In vain we both walked the floor with it. The fire went out, the lamp went out; and just at daybreak it came to us like a revelation, the sarcastic tone of that hateful old nurse, as she said, "Good-bye; I hope you'll get along *comfortably* with the dear baby!"

And so we did. Do you suppose one night's watching was going to quench our love, either for the baby or each other? No—nor a thousand like it! For, as Dr. Watts, or Saxe, hath it, "It was one of the kind that was not born to die."

FANNY FERN.

A Hatful of Friction Matches in a Powder-Mill.

We some time ago called attention to the fool-hardiness of the citizens of Orange county, in this State, in permitting the buildings of a large powder manufacturing establishment to be erected and maintained within a few rods of one of the principal thoroughfares leading out of the city of Newburgh. Since that, one of these buildings was blown up; but the explosion fortunately happened to occur in the night time, when no one was passing.

Explosions seem to be incident to the manufacture of powder everywhere. Even where the most stringent rules are adopted to guard against danger, these rules, after a while, are disregarded by the hands employed, who lose all sense of the risk they run, and grow inexcusably careless.

This was strikingly illustrated by the evidence before a coroner's jury, recently summoned in England to investigate the causes of an explosion in the Hanworth Powder-mills, by which four lives were lost.

One witness testified that he had often seen men and boys *smoking* when coming to work, up to the very gate, and a fortnight ago, a boy was found with a *box of lucifers in his pocket.* Witness was the first to institute the practice of searching the men, when they came to work, several years ago, and a *hatful of matches was then found upon the men!*

Fires in Great Places.

A short time ago the English speaking portion of the human race was surprised and pained at hearing that Warwick Castle, one of the most renowned feudal structures in the world, had been destroyed by fire. Then came the news that Canterbury Cathedral, one of the most famous ecclesiastical edifices on the globe, was in flames. And now, within a few days past, we have read of the burning of the Palace of the Escurial, that vast pile which PHILIP II. of Spain, with all the resources of his mighty empire, then the greatest in the world, was twenty-five years in rearing. The Escurial was indeed a prodigious edifice. The total length of its rooms is set down at one hundred and twenty miles, and it had no less than fourteen thousand doors and eleven thousand windows. It cost six millions of ducats, which sum, three hundred years ago when the Escurial was built, was equal to thirty millions of dollars at the present day. But the Spaniard had the mines of Mexico and Peru to draw upon, and enough of the precious metals escaped the bold buccaneers of the period to make gold and silver nearly as plentiful in Madrid as they were in Jerusalem in the days of Solomon. But the wealth and power of the Spanish empire long since passed away, and now its greatest symbol, the Palace of the Escurial, has also been shorn of its grandeur.

Fast Travelling—by Rail.

A late number of the Hartford *Courant* says:

> "Last Wednesday, Commodore Vanderbilt and several directors of the Central road made an inspection trip in a special car over the road. They went from Rochester to Batavia, thirty-three miles, in thirty-five minutes, and the next twenty miles in nineteen minutes."

It is true the Commodore can ride fast behind his locomotives; but we will venture to say he does not own a five-year-old colt that can carry him a 2:12 gait to a road wagon.

THE WIDOW'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

"As we have opportunity, let us do good:"
A lesson to heed, it is true;
But when a poor widow hasn't even a mite,
What can *she* be expected to do?

My husband was one of the very best men—
I cherish his memory still;
But he brought nothing here, took nothing away,
And left nothing—not even a will!

And so, when the baskets are handed around,
Or the lists for each generous name,
I must sit like a statue, and look as demure,
Nor once think poor John was to blame.

I might find "my mission" in some other field:
I think I could give good advice;
But that 's the one *vice* all endeavor to shun,
Though it cometh unsought, without price.

Now good Mrs. Brown, in her spacious brown stone,
If she care not to give of her gold,
Can open her doors to her troops of dear friends,
And "her virtues can never be told."

And kind Mrs. Gay, with her splendid rent-rolls,
Can *comfort* poor people, at least;
And can, when she chooses, afford to invite
The young minister in to a feast.

And then Mrs. Gossip, with no money or lands,
Has *time*, and can use it right well,
In gleaning choice titbits of news here and there,
To share with each one who "won't tell."

And Miss Busybody knows precisely the day
When each widower will marry again,
Although it 's been known for forty odd years
How she hates "these detestable men."

She will tell when each widow will lighten her crape,
Though the ribbon be sombre or bright:
"She is setting her cap for a husband again,
Just as sure as day follows night."

She selects all their partners, although it 's too true
That her mind and theirs don't agree;
For a chit of nineteen caught old Simon Grey,
The man she had chosen for me.

But *I* never shall marry; my heart 's in the grave
Where I laid poor, dear John long ago;
And I never shall meet one so good, or so kind,
Though some have more money, I know.

And with money one can accomplish so much:
Dear me! there comes rich Doctor Lane!
Poor man! left with six little motherless babes,
He *must* marry again, that is plain!

* * * * * * * *

He asked me to wed him. I could not say Nay,
Though I thought of poor John with a sigh;
My *one* opportunity to *do good* had come:
Was it right I should let it pass by?

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," "MARK HEBER'S LUCK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

JUDE'S REVELATIONS COMPLETED.

While the events last related were occurring in New York—while Miss Pedder, Mrs. Hawley and Capt. Pedder, one after another, were all setting sail in different ships for Desolation, and all equally absorbed in conflicting projects—what had become of Will. Hawley? How had he and Capt. Dougal and the madman got along with the runaway convicts from Australia by whom we left them menaced?

So far as the struggle had proceeded, the advantage, it will be remembered, had been entirely upon the side of our hero.

He had been obliged, to be sure, to take refuge upon a little island off the coast of Desolation—the one which was called by Capt. Cook Sentry-box Island—but in making this change of base, Will. had seized the two boats of the *Dower*, and so placed the runaways in the utter impossibility of leaving their island.

And it was to maintain this advantage that Will. had refused the appeals of Fisty Bantam, on the occasion of the latter's strange visit to Sentry-box island upon a cake of drift-ice, and had taken him back to Cape Cumberland and to his followers, refusing all dealings with him.

It is from that point that we will now resume this branch of our narrative.

The intermission of clear weather which had enabled Will. to convey Bantam to Cape Cumberland was of brief duration. He had scarcely returned from this trip, when a pall of cold gray clouds overspread the sky, and snow was soon falling more rapidly than ever.

Taking his way to his boat dwelling, with Capt. Dougal and the madman, Will. proceeded to make himself and his friends as comfortable as their limited resources permitted.

The winter thus entered upon proved worthy of Desolation. For weeks and months there were only brief interruptions to the fall of snow. The cold was intense. The sun seldom showed itself. There were no thaws. The three men had all they could do to keep their paths open, and prevent themselves from being buried alive under the huge drifts. Vast fields of ice formed repeatedly along the shores, and especially in the straits between Sentry-box island and Cape Cumberland, but they were as often scattered by the winds and waves, so that Will. had no fear of another visit over the ice from Bantam.

In good truth, nothing was seen of the runaways from the hour of Bantam's forced return to them. They had evidently retreated into the interior of the island, and been shut in by winter.

And so month after month passed away, with what unrest and anxiety on the part of Hawley and Captain Dougal can well be imagined.

But at last there was a notable interruption to the long reign of cold and tempest—several days of calm and quiet, which could evidently be deemed the end of winter and the beginning of spring.

The dark sky gradually brightened. The sun even became visible for brief intervals. The air became warmer. The mountains of snow covering the island at length began to thaw. And then began the long and dismal rains of the early summer—lightly and intermittently at first, but soon becoming heavy and almost incessant.

Will. was more astonished by these rains than he had been by the preceding snows. How it did pour! Rain, rain, rain!

The huge piles of snow were soon thoroughly permeated with water, and then they commenced crumbling and moving like avalanches. The whole island seemed afloat. Torrents of water rushed down the declivities and roared out of the ravines, bearing all before them. The boat dwelling of Will. and his friends was finally inundated—undermined—threatened with ruin. In fact, they were obliged to take to their other boat and live in it, anchoring in a little nook, and covering themselves with old sails and skins.

But at last the rain ceased, and the flood came to an end. The snow was all melted and washed away, except from the higher peaks of the island. The three men accordingly returned to the shore and again set up their boat dwelling, gathering into it the few stores that were now left them.

The next day a dozen thin and feeble figures showed themselves upon Cape Cumberland, and were made out to be Fisty Bantam and such of his followers as had been able to withstand the rigors of the winter. They beckoned to Will. and his party, appearing to implore assistance, but no response was made to them—no apparent notice taken of their presence.

The truth was, Will. was sufficiently absorbed in his own miseries and troubles.

He was now wasted to exhaustion with all these trials and sufferings, and at times experienced a feeling akin to despair. His food had begun to revolt his stomach, and his sleep had become snatchy and unrefreshing. His strength was greatly reduced, as was his patience. He and Dougal could only think of their loved ones, so far away, and fret and chafe with their terrible surroundings. Even the madman had fallen into a chronic melancholy, having been unable to content himself with the fancies of his diseased imagination in the face of such terrific realities.

Events were in this state when an unforeseen catastrophe gave a new phase to the situation.

The madman failed one day to return from his solitary rambles at noon, as was his wont, and Will. and Captain Dougal soon became so alarmed at his absence that they went to search for him. Their search was for a long time vain, but at last they came upon his bruised and bleeding form, at the foot of a tall cliff, from which he had been in the habit of watching for a ship.

A glance at the top of the cliff told the two men how the accident had happened.

The late floods had loosened the stones forming the brow of the hill, and a large mass of them had suddenly crumbled beneath the feet of the madman—at a moment, probably, when he was profoundly absorbed in his wild fancies—and he had gone down in one terrific tumble from the top to the bottom.

The shock the view of the motionless figure gave both Will. and Dougal was such as to render them momently dumb and motionless.

The body lay as if lifeless, and indeed it was not natural for any one to think of life's remaining in a human form after it had been subjected to such an awful experience.

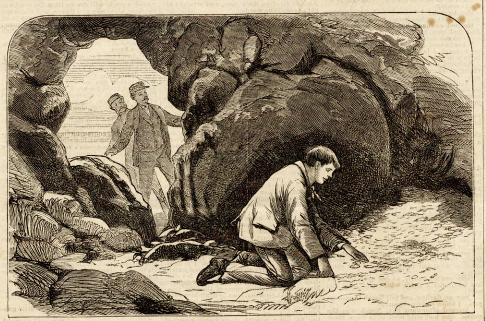
"There he is—poor fellow!" sighed Will., advancing nearer. "I feared as much. His troubles are over!"

A hasty examination confirmed this first impression.

"Yes, he 's gone," returned Dougal. "He rests at last from his vain agitations. It is doubtless better for him, although we shall miss him. He has done a great deal to lighten this horrible captivity!"

"Let us take him to the boat," proposed Will., mastering the flood of regrets that surged upon him. "All that we can do for him now is to give him Christian burial."

They raised the helpless form carefully between them, and set out for their boat dwelling.



FISTY BANTAM SURPRISED BY WILL. HAWLEY AND CAPTAIN DOUGAL.

They had barely reached the little plateau in front of their head-quarters, when an audible moan—yet one so low that it might have been mistaken for the sighing of the wind—came from the white lips of their patient.

"He lives!" cried Hawley.

"Evidently," returned Dougal; "but it 's equally clear that he 's dying!"

"Perhaps not. 'While there is life there is hope,' you know. How shall we treat him?"

"With cold water without and a good dram of brandy within," said Dougal, as they laid the limp body down upon a rude couch at one side of their narrow dwelling. "That flask of brandy I saved from the *Dower* is not yet empty. We may save him."

Setting to work with all the energy required by the occasion, the two men soon had the satisfaction and relief of perceiving other indications of life, a trace of color appearing on the thin cheeks, and the low moans of the sufferer becoming frequent. His cuts were washed and dressed, his bruises bathed in cold water, a vigorous friction imparted to his hands and limbs, and several swallows of brandy poured down his throat.

"We shall save him, after all," at length said Hawley hopefully. "None of his cuts or bruises seem dangerous. He has bled a great deal, and has evidently received a tremendous shock, but I see no wounds upon his head beyond this one over his right eye, by which he was evidently rendered unconscious."

"Nor do I," assented Dougal. "There may be a chance for him, as feeble as he seems. We can at least use every effort. The next thing is to get him to bed."

The suggestion was acted upon, and the two men sat down beside their patient and continued their ministrations.

A couple of hours thus passed, with constantly increasing manifestations of life on the part of the sufferer, and then he opened his eyes in a long and fixed stare—first at the faces and forms of the two men, and then at the whole interior of the boat dwelling.

"Well, this beats me, strangers," he at length breathed, rather than said, with a long pause after every word. "Don't hardly know myself. Weak as kitten. Must have been sick. Or overslept? Curious I didn't hear you come in. How long you been here? How strange everything looks! I don't seem to make out exactly where I am. Can't be the stone hut built by the three pirates. Nor the hut I built of the pieces of the brig. Funny enough!"

Will. and Dougal exchanged glances of pleased intelligence. The insane light had vanished from the eyes of their companion—the insane accent from his voice. He talked and looked rational. It was clear that a change as radical as it was sudden had been wrought in him.

"You'll excuse me, strangers," resumed the patient, stirring feebly. "I'm all at sea somehow this morning. Can't exactly make out, you see, where I am, or what has happened. Must have been sick, haven't I, strangers?"

"Yes, you have—very sick," replied Will. "In fact, you 've been out of your head."

"Well, I was afraid I should be crazy. My fear was not a vain one then? I've really been loose in my upper story?"

"You have."

"Ah, I see! I lost my head, as I feared I should, and you came here and found me in that condition. Did you find the little document I left on the hill?"

"Yes, I found your 'document'—if you are Jude Breeling, as we suppose."

"I see. You found it, and have cured me, as I hoped you would. It's not yet winter, I see, so that no time has been lost. I can't have been crazy long. A few days perhaps; or possibly some weeks?"

"Nearly three years, Mr. Breeling."

"Nearly—three years?" gasped the patient.

"Yes, nearly three years," said Will. "The last entry in your statement was made on the 8th of March, 1851, and it is now the last of September, 1853."

"Is it possible? It's all a blank to me. It seems but a moment since I lay down to sleep in my little hut, wondering when a ship would call at the island, and fearing that my head would give out altogether; and yet you now tell me that the year is '53, and the month September. How astonishing! But—"

He paused abruptly, endeavoring to move first a leg and then an arm.

"But what?" asked Dougal.

"Why, you must have been putting me through a fearful course of sprouts," said the patient. "I 'm as sore as a boil all over. You must have been skinning me alive! This isn't much like the lomi-lomi cure I tried once in the Sandwich islands."

"Lomi-lomi?" repeated Hawley.

"Yes, the kneading cure, you know—in such high favor with the natives of that region," explained the sufferer. "They knead you with their fists, and walk up and down your body until every joint snaps like a pistol. But you 've treated me differently. You must have broken every bone in my body. *Ee-ow!* My whole body is one sore! What can you have done to me?"

"It's no time for explanations now, Mr. Breeling," responded Hawley. "You have talked too much already. You had better go to sleep. You can see that we are your friends—"

"But you've only called here, I suppose? Don't you intend to sail immediately?"

"No," answered Will., with a sigh. "We expect to remain here some days."

"Then I'll take a good nap, as you say, for I'm curiously weak and drowsy. Can't imagine what treatment you 've been giving me. It must have been a sort of club-cure though. But it 's all right, strangers. You were bound to cure me, of course—after what you read about that buried million. I can understand that you would not stick at trifles. You doubtless acted on the theory that 'desperate diseases require desperate remedies.' Many thanks—until you are better paid. Can't imagine— Sore 's a boil! Wonder where—"

And with these incoherent murmurs upon his lips, the patient dropped off into a profound and refreshing slumber.

Hovering solicitously over him until he was oblivious, Will. and Dougal exchanged mutual congratulations and a hearty shake of hands.

"The recovery of his senses by this poor fellow is a good omen," said Dougal.

"Yes—if he continues of sound mind," returned Hawley. "In that case, there will be three of us to meet any emergency. I shall wait anxiously for his awakening."

They maintained their watch for hours, without a word or a movement—without a thought, in fact, for anything but the helpless man sleeping so soundly beside them.

The day had given place to night, and the night was far advanced, when the sleeper awoke. He was in the midst of a profound darkness and silence.

"Are you there, strangers?" he demanded.

"Yes—here we are," answered Will. "We did not dare move lest we should disturb you. How do you feel?"

"Better—much better."

"Your mind continues clear?"

"It was never clearer. There 's only one drawback. I'm as sore as if I'd been drawn through a knot-hole."

"Would you like something to eat or to drink?"

"No—not until morning. I prefer to talk and explain matters."

"I see no objection to this course," said Dougal, who had struck a light and felt of the patient's pulse. "It will worry him less for you to talk to him than it will for him to puzzle his brain with all these mysteries."

Will. accordingly told the patient all that had happened.

The surprise of the hearer can be imagined.

"And now a question or two," said Hawley, by way of conclusion. "You are really Jude Breeling?"

"Certainly."

"You have no recollection of these two years or more during which you have believed yourself Napoleon?"

"Not the least recollection. The whole period is a blank to me."

"You don't even remember your tremendous tumble down the cliff?"

"No—not the least thing of all you have been telling me," declared Jude emphatically. "And how funny it all is! I thought the island St. Helena, did I, and myself Napoleon? You have been my Minister of State, Mr. Hawley, with the title of 'Lord High Admiral,' and Captain Dougal has been my Marshal! Did I ever hear anything so funny! But one question, Mr. Hawley. Have I ever told you where Mr. Aymar's million is buried?"

"Never. You have even denied the existence of any such treasure. As Napoleon, you have repudiated all that was said and done by Breeling."

Jude reflected a moment intently.

"Well, that was natural enough," he then commented. "But is it really possible that you are the nephew by marriage, Mr. Hawley, of the Mr. Aymar of Calcutta to whom that million belonged when it was seized by the pirates?"

"Certainly. The case is exactly as I have stated it. Mr. Aymar is, or was, my wife's uncle."

"Singular enough," muttered Jude. "Your claim to that million is rather better than mine."

"Oh, as to that," said Will. smilingly, "I dare say we shall not have occasion to quarrel about the buried million. Fisty Bantam has probably dug it up already, unless some other possessor of the secret dug it up before Fisty came here."

"There 's no danger of that," said Jude, with thoughtful certitude. "From what you have told me of the runaways, I can see that they have had other things to think of than buried money since their arrival. As the snow is gone now, however, we can't look after that money too soon."

"It really exists, then?"

"Just as certainly as you do. I have seen it with my own eyes a hundred times, as mentioned in my statement. And you shall soon see it also, for I will go with you and tell you where it is, just as soon as I am strong enough to do so."

Will. expressed his gratification at this assurance.

"In fact," added Jude, after a pause, "I will tell you where it is now, so that you can find it without my assistance. It is possible that my tumble from the cliffs may turn out badly, or that I will lose my mind again. To be on the safe side, therefore, I'd better tell you where the money is buried. You have doubtless noticed the large single stone of vast size which lies on the top of a hill on the south side of Christmas harbor, near its head?"

"Certainly. Every one who comes here notices it. It is mentioned by Captain Cook, in his description of the harbor, and almost in the very terms you have used in speaking of it."

"Very well. Mr. Aymar's million is buried at the foot of that rock and close to it, on its northern side, and exactly against its northernmost projection. The money is buried some four or five feet beneath the surface. If anything goes wrong with me, Mr. Hawley, you will look for the treasure at the earliest possible moment. But, on the other hand, if all goes well with me, I will accompany you to the spot in a day or two, and assist you in finding the money."

"All right," returned Hawley. "Let it be so understood. And in the mean time your restoration to health and strength must be the great object of all our thoughts and efforts."

CHAPTER XXXII.

ENTRAPPED BY THE RUNAWAYS.

The second morning after these occurrences Will. was astir early, with a lighter heart than he had possessed since the commencement of his captivity. Everything had not only gone well with Jude, but Jude had displayed so much good feeling that his companions in misfortune esteemed him far more highly, now that he was "clothed in his right mind," than at any former period of their association with him.

Taking a brief turn out of doors, Will. scanned the sea and sky attentively.

"It would be a good morning to visit the mainland in quest of the buried treasure," was his instant deduction from the settled state of the weather. "Perhaps we can avail ourselves of it."

Returning to the boat dwelling, he began to get things in order for breakfast. His movements soon aroused Capt. Dougal, whose first thought was also of Mr. Aymar's buried million.

"I think Jude will be well enough to accompany us this morning," said he, "and I am afraid that another day or two of waiting may be fatal to our project of recovering the money. Bantam may have changed its location already."

"He can hardly have done that," returned Will., "as we are supposed to be ignorant of the spot where it was buried. But I agree with you that we ought to move in the matter at once."

Their conversation awakened Jude, who listened a few moments—long enough to learn their views—and then he drew himself up into a sitting posture upon his couch.

"As you see," said he, after they had both expressed their pleased astonishment, "I am all ready for business, and we will go to the mainland this morning. Shall I tell you how, in my opinion, we ought to get at the little business before us?"

Both men assented.

"This is my plan, then," said Jude. "We 'll take a hasty bite of breakfast, and then go in our boat to the head of Christmas Harbor. Should we see nothing of Bantam and his men, you two shall land, with such arms and tools as we can command, and go away together to dig up the gold, while I haul off a hundred rods or so from the shore, in order to guarantee the boat and myself from capture."

"Good," said Hawley. "In this way we can bring all our available strength to bear upon the recovery of the money, and at the same time Jude will be safe, as the runaways have no boat in which to pursue him. But are you strong enough, Jude, to handle the boat without assistance?"

"I'll undertake it. I 'm weak as a kitten, and as sore and stiff as a spavined horse, but I can take charge of the boat."

"We'll be off at once, then," said Will., after receiving a look of approbation from Dougal. "The distance to the head of Christmas Harbor is about six miles, and we can eat our breakfast while we are on the way thither."

The boat was accordingly made ready, and the three men set sail immediately. An hour thereafter they were at the head of Christmas Harbor, and at the mouth of the little creek upon which Jude had built a hut from the timbers of his wrecked brig.

The hour was still so early that a dense mantle of darkness enveloped the whole face of the island.

"The runaways are still at Cape Cumberland, in all probability," said Will. "At least they were there yesterday afternoon. But we must be cautious and watchful. It will be light enough for you to recognize us, Jude, by the time we return to this spot, and in the mean time you must keep everybody at a distance."

The whole proceeding being thus understood and agreed upon, Will. and Dougal leaped from the boat and took their way swiftly up the sloping shore, while Jude retired seaward about a hundred rods and came to anchor.

A walk of ten minutes brought Will. and Dougal to the rock beside which the money had been buried. They had brought a couple of spades which Jude had included in the outfit of his brig, and which he had recovered from the wreck. The day had just commenced breaking, and some gleams of light were beginning to blend weirdly with the sepulchral gloom around the two men, as they began their excavations in silence.

"Seems to me that this dirt has been moved recently," said Will., after wielding his spade a few moments.

"I was about to say the same thing. Can Bantam have been here before us?"

It was with no little nervousness that they continued their task. Their suspicion of a recent excavation in that precise spot became stronger with every inch of progress, and soon grew to a certainty. They were not greatly surprised, therefore, when, at the end of an hour's labor, it became evident, in the dawn of the new day, that the treasure had vanished.

"This is certainly the rock in question," said Will., leaning on his spade. "There is none other on the whole shore like it. And we have dug against its northernmost projection, and to the full depth of five feet—"

"Just as deep, in fact," interrupted Dougal regretfully, "as somebody has recently excavated in advance of us. Bantam has been here within a day or two and carried away the money."

It was not difficult to accept this conclusion, under the circumstances. The two men accordingly filled up the hole they had made, leaving the surface of the ground as they had found it.

"It 's no easy matter for one man to carry away two tons of gold," then said Hawley. "He must have made many journies, and left traces of his footsteps. Let 's see if we can't discover the direction he took. There ought to be some footprint, some broken twig, some trampled moss, to throw light upon this point."

The search that followed these suggestions was not without a result. An indication was soon discovered. It was little more than a suggestion that repeated passages had been made recently in a certain direction, but as this direction led toward the head of the harbor, the two men did not hesitate to conclude that the treasure had gone toward that point of the compass.

They accordingly took their line of retreat in that same direction, keeping a sharp lookout around them, and scanning narrowly the surface of the ground.

They had thus descended to a little valley at no great distance from the sea, when Will. suddenly halted, catching Dougal by the arm.

"There comes our man," he whispered.

A figure had come rapidly over the brow of the hill forming one boundary of the valley, and was plunging down into a ravine at the very bottom of the bowl-like depression.

This figure was seen at a glance to be Bantam.

He was walking rapidly, and seemed to be absorbed in thought, as he scarcely looked in any direction around him. He was wild and haggard of aspect, thin to gauntness, and so broken in health that he tottered as feebly as a mere infant.

His route led him past the two men, at no great distance, but such were the inequalities of the surface, that they merely had to crouch upon the ground a few moments to avoid being seen by him.

"It 's something important that brings him here alone at this hour of the morning," whispered Hawley, as he arose and looked after Bantam. "His presence here has reference doubtless to the treasure. We had better follow him, taking care not to be seen by him."

Cautiously following and watching Bantam, they soon saw him stop in the little ravine before mentioned, and look fixedly into a narrow fissure at the bottom of a ledge of rocks.

"Good! No one has troubled it!" he was heard to mutter.

Then he cast a rapid glance around him—which the watchers avoided by crouching again—and the next instant he had slipped into the fissure and vanished.

"It is there that we shall find the treasure," whispered Hawley, arising and advancing. "But we must seize Bantam himself, and there is not a moment to lose!"

A few quick but noiseless steps brought them to the bottom of the valley, and here a sight that suspended their breathing was presented to their gaze.

At the bottom of a fissure several yards in depth, in a spot almost overhung by rocky ledges, lay a vast pile of gold coin, upon which Bantam was kneeling.

"Here it is," he was babbling. "How and where can I hide it? I hadn't time yesterday. It was dark before I brought the last load, and I didn't get a good view of it all together. What a vast pile there is of it! Two hundred thousand pounds in gold! Nearly two tons! And all mine! *Mine*, MINE, I say, for all these men with me will soon be dead, at the rate they are going. Some day I shall get away from this dreadful place, and then I can return at my leisure for the treasure. It only remains for me to hide it snugly, and then pretend to the boys that Hawley and Dougal have dug it up and carried it off."

Just at this point of his soliloquy Bantam was startled by a slight sound, accompanied by a darkening of the entrance of the fissure above him, and ere he could move or express himself further, he was seized as in a vice by the stout hands of our hero.

"Your report to your men will be the exact truth, I 'm thinking," said Will. quietly. "Don't resist me! don't make any outcry! I have no wish to harm you, if you will be reasonable, but you must be very quiet."

The surprise of Bantam was so overwhelming that he could not at first utter a word, and still less defend himself. It thus happened that he was securely bound before he recovered his presence of mind.

"Oh, curse you! curse you both!" was the salutation he then uttered. "It was not enough, then, that you should seize our boats and rob us of our provisions, but you must needs turn up here at the very moment when I was taking possession of this money. Oh, curse you!"

"Save your breath, Bantam," enjoined Will., with his usual equanimity. "Have you any better right to the money than I have? Don't quarrel with fate. Accept the inevitable. Captain Dougal and I have a boat near the head of the bay, and this spot must be within a short distance of the water. It 's not too much to say, therefore, that in thirty minutes from this moment the money will be on its way to our island."

"No, it won't! My men will see you—"

"Excuse me. Our time is limited. Since you have arranged to have an hour or two to yourself, with the intention of hiding the treasure, it 's perfectly evident that we can count upon a similar period of freedom from all molestation. Don't you see it?"

Bantam evidently *did* "see it." He broke out into the most violent imprecations.

"To think what we have suffered from you," he roared, "is enough to make me go mad! Out of the forty-one men that came here with me, only ten are now living. They have died like sheep in a plague. Some have frozen to death—others have starved to death—and still others have gone crazy and killed themselves! For four weeks at once we were buried alive in the grotto by the snow, and during that time didn't see a ray of light, or even the faces of our dying companions!"

Paying no heed to these complaints, Will. hurried to the nearest beach and signalled Jude to bring the boat into a little creek where it would be partially concealed, and where it would be within twenty rods of the spot in which Bantam had temporarily concealed the treasure. This measure accomplished, Jude was informed of all that had occurred, much to his delighted astonishment, and then the couple, producing several stout sealskin bags from the boat, took their way to the place where Dougal was awaiting their coming.

In less than the time mentioned by Hawley, the whole vast pile of bullion was transferred to the boat, and then Bantam was disarmed and turned adrift, with the advice to stick faithfully to the version he had resolved to give his comrades of the disappearance of the money.

The rage with which he received this advice was simply unutterable.

An hour later, the boat was safely back again to Sentry-box island.

"We've done a good thing this morning," said Will., as he leaped ashore. "If 'Uncle Tommy' is living, how astonished he will be at the recovery of this money. It's summer now again, and it cannot be a great while before a ship of some kind will come this way and relieve us. We must bury the money in a secure place, close to the sea, so that we can load it quickly into the boat, if the Malay Gunner or Kangaroo Jimmy should come here, as Bantam has threatened."

"And there's another thing we must do," suggested Capt. Dougal. "We must maintain a continual watch for those worthies. They are likely to arrive here any day, now that summer has again opened. We can easily be the first to see them, as they'll hardly venture to make the land at night, and if the necessity arises, we can take to the high seas, gold and all."

Will. assented to these suggestions.

"There was a time," said Jude Breeling, as he stood contemplating the treasure, "when I could not have borne the thought of dividing this money with any one. But I can now look upon it without the least feeling of covetousness. When any one has been as near death as I have been, he gets new light upon these things. Especially when one has endured a living death for years, as I have done since I came to this island, he inevitably reaches the conclusion that the possession of a few dollars more or less is of very little account in comparison with health, the approval of conscience, and the real business of existence. What a blessing it is for me to be of sound mind again, and to have your society and assistance, and to be brought out of all that region of death and darkness where I have been wandering! And if any proof of the divine government of the world were wanting, would it not be found in the strange chain of events which has placed Mr. Aymar's money, after all its adventures among the pirates, in the hands of the husband of his niece?"

"Yes, it is a wonderful providence," returned Hawley feelingly, "and so is your restoration to health, and also the escape of Captain Dougal from the runaways, not to speak of all the lesser mercies of which we have been the objects. We have all of us reason to be grateful."

A suitable spot was soon selected as the hiding-place of the treasure, and it was safely stowed away beyond almost the chance of discovery. The balance of the day was spent in looking for a ship, in repairing the boat, and in discussing what course would be the best, in case of the arrival of any of the allies of Fisty Bantam.

And all the day long Bantam and his surviving followers occupied the extreme point of Cape Cumberland, and busied themselves with schemes of turning the tables upon their enemies. It was easy to see, by their excited gestures and movements, and even by the occasional cries of rage and menace which crossed the straits, that the loss of Mr. Aymar's million had touched them in a vital point, and that all their thoughts and energies were devoted to the ways and means of crossing the straits and revenging all their previous defeats.

This vain wrath and impotent agitation did not seem to last, however, for the runaways vacated Cape Cumberland at an early hour of the following morning, and were seen no more during the day. It accordingly became a problem to Hawley and his friends as to what had become of them.

"My opinion is that they have gone back to the head of Christmas Harbor, and that they will occupy the huts there," declared Will., just as he and his friends were retiring for the night at a late hour of the evening. "They must have realized that they merely wasted their time and breath yesterday, and they have probably concluded to make themselves as comfortable as they can in those two huts until the arrival of assistance."

"One thing is certain," said Dougal, "there was no sail anywhere in sight at nightfall, and they'll have to wait a bit for their vengeance."

At this point in the conversation there came a quiet knock upon the door of the boat dwelling.

The three men leaped to their feet, exchanging startled glances one with another, as their hands sought their weapons.

"It's I—Bantam," said a voice.

This announcement did not calm the excitement the knock had produced. The presence of Bantam was a fact of the most menacing import.

"Are you going to let me in?" continued the voice.

As hesitation or refusal were equally out of the question, Will. opened the door.

The figure that immediately entered was indeed that of Bantam, but it was difficult to recognize him as the Bantam of the day previous.

He was as thin as ever, but in all else how changed! His glances were fierce, his voice full of vigor. He looked and acted as vindictive as a demon.

"I have news for you," he announced, with a leer of savage jubilance, as he looked from one to another. "A long expected friend of mine has arrived at Desolation. I refers to Kangaroo Jimmy!"

Will. repeated the name mechanically.

"Yes, Jimmy has come," continued Bantam, "and with him has come fifty as likely lads as you could find in all England. They arrived early this morning. They didn't round Cape Francais and enter Christmas Harbor. No; they made the land several miles west of Cape Francais, and anchored their sloop there, so that you did not see it. And this is how it has happened that some sixty of us, all told, have arrived here thus unexpectedly to pay you a visit!"

This last observation was suggestive in the highest degree.

Will. at once turned to Dougal.

"Take a look from the door, Captain," said he, with outward calmness, although a keen sense of peril thrilled him.

Dougal hastened to comply with the suggestion, but had scarcely looked out into the night, when he leaped backward abruptly, closing the door.

"Good heavens!" burst from him.

Bantam chuckled like a fiend.

At the same instant a rush of heavy footsteps resounded along the shore and pervaded the boat dwelling.

"The whole gang is here," said Dougal, drawing his revolver. "They have crept up and surrounded us."

"Yes, it's *our* turn now!" cried Bantam, with the wild fierceness of anticipated vengeance. "We are twenty to one! Surrender, or die!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* * *

—We are willing to look on antiquity as superior to our time, but not on posterity. It is only a father that does not envy the son.

OUT OF THE SUNSHINE.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Oh, mamma, papa smiled just now; almost laughed right out, I believe! An't you glad?" exclaimed Freddie Grafton, the only son of my dearest friend.

These words, said in a voice full of joy, while the boy's eyes were bright and laughing, like his mother's were years before, spoke volumes to me, explaining clearly the sad change I had found in the companion of my childhood and early youth. Each marrying and leaving our village homes, we had been separated for ten years, meeting only the day before for the first time, when I was surprised into exclaiming, as I clasped my arms around her:

"Dear Nellie, how you have changed!"

I had no chance to get a peep into her heart that evening.

Her husband I knew but slightly, having met him but seldom before her marriage.

He had changed but little: a handsome, dignified man, but rather too reserved and quiet to suit me.

What caused the change in Nellie worried me so much, I lay awake many hours trying in vain to account for it.

My mind and heart were both full of these thoughts when Freddie's words reached my ear.

I am sure there was a tear in Nellie's eyes as she glanced hastily at me. Thinking she would have to explain Freddie's words and joyous manner, I suppose, Nellie said:

"You know, Fannie, Mr. Grafton has not a very merry nature; so when the children see him laughing, they are perfectly delighted."

I shut my lips tightly, and managed to keep the sigh down in my heart, as I thought what a rare thing it must be to see "papa smile."

Nellie, with her arm around her boy, asked:

"What was papa laughing about?"

"Why, baby. Nellie made him laugh—the darling, cunning little thing! I'll go bring her," Freddie answered; and tiptoeing out, he returned soon after with the little four-year-old Nellie, who was an excellent caricature of the present fashionable style: with an immense bustle, trailing skirt, huge chignon, and a hat which must have weighed heavy on the little head, crowded with ribbon, lace, feathers and flowers.

"Now walk the Grecian bend, Nellie," said Freddie.

"Me's Dolly Varden," she said; and tossing her head, she did as desired.

I laughed right out, loud and long, at the funny little thing, in whom I could see a spark of what her mother was at the same age.

Nellie smiled gently, as her eyes followed her baby girl a little while, and then she said:

"Now go, darling, and tell Norah to undress you. I know she fixed you up."

I learned afterward that Norah was the nurse. She had only been with them three days, and not as yet reduced to proper decorum. She was a merry-hearted daughter of Erin, and if allowed, would have made the little ones as happy.

"You know how to laugh, don't you?" said Freddie, coming to my side, when little Nellie went out.

"Indeed I do, my boy; and everybody about me knows how too," I answered.

"An't it nice?" he said. "I love to hear folks laugh; don't you?" sitting down beside me, and putting his soft white hand into mine; no marks of marble playing, top spinning, or anything of the kind, on his delicate fingers.

How I longed to catch the boy up and run off, dropping him where my little ones laughed and "went it" generally, to their hearts' content.

"Then why don't you laugh as much as you choose, Freddie?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't care to laugh myself much, but to hear others. Oh, if mamma and papa could laugh like you, I'd be the happiest boy alive! It's like the sunshine to me."

I turned my head away, as the boy talked on. I did not wish him to see the tears which came in pity for those little ones—for him most of all, who I knew felt it so keenly—this living "out of the sunshine."

"Freddie, love, go tell Norah she can take Nellie and Susie to walk; and you go with them, to take care of sisters, my little man," Nellie said, sending the boy away, to divert his thoughts, I knew. Turning to me, she said:

"Fannie, I fear you may receive a wrong impression of my husband, from hearing Freddie talk. He is not a harsh or unkind father, I assure you. He loves his children dearly, I know; but he is a little peculiar, I admit. He does not like to have the children noisy or rude. He is proud of them, and does everything in the world he thinks best for their happiness, or rather, their future good. It seems a little strange to me sometimes, and makes me sad, the difference between their childhood and mine. My father, you know, was so full of life and fun; the merriest one in the house; entering into our sport like one of us—laughing, singing, dancing, and just whatever we wished. What a wild set we were!"

"But I never have heard of any one of you going to the State's prison, or being indicted for any criminal offence," I said.

"No. It is wonderful how well all our boys have done—"

"Not a bit," I exclaimed, interrupting her. "Your father raised them properly. You all were raised in the sunshine, not under the shade."

"I understand you, Fannie," she said. "But see how hard it is for me—the change! If my mind and heart had been disciplined, this change would not seem so hard. Mr. Grafton thinks we should prepare the children for the stern realities of life. If they are made playthings of, and indulged in useless whims—"

"Fiddlesticks, Nellie!" I exclaimed, cutting her short. "I know just this: your children are starving."

"Starving!" she cried, in astonishment.

"Yes, starving—their little hearts, I mean—for those things children love so much. That boy almost broke my heart with the yearnings of his. Their father gives them raiment and food, good enough and sufficient; yet denies them that which is just as essential, I think—things to amuse and make them merry. Oh, I saw the tear in your eye when Freddy said those words, which told more than any same number of words I ever heard: 'Papa almost laughed.' Does he frolic with his children; bring them toys; give them parties; take them to shows?" I asked.

She shook her head, saying:

"It is not his nature to be merry; and the other things you have mentioned he thinks useless and wicked expenditures, the money for which had better be given to the poor children. Ours are taught this, and given a liberal amount for the purpose."

"That is all right—giving to the poor, and teaching your children to be charitable. But the depriving them of children's rational, yes, and national privileges—for fire-crackers, torpedoes and doll babies I consider as such—is a shame. And denying them the enjoyment of a good hearty laugh, which is as good as the sunshine, your boy said, is nothing short of a crime. Don't talk of anything, Fannie, like disciplining these little ones' minds; make merry their hearts. You may try to hide it from me, but I know you, too, love the sunshine, and are pining in this shaded and gloomy atmosphere."

"What can I do, Fannie?" she asked piteously.

"Put your foot down, and determine, for your children's sake, to let in the sunshine on their path."

I said a great deal more to her, but I do not believe she would ever have been able to raise her voice in opposition to her husband.

However, the next day an accident happened to Freddie, that came very near ending the yearnings of his loving heart.

Nellie's home was a very little way from the water, on the banks of a beautiful river. How Freddie ever learned to swim no one knew, or that he could, until he was brought home that morning nearer dead than alive.

Nothing could be learned concerning the accident, save that he was seen by some boatmen struggling in the water; and when one of them got to him, he held, clutching it tightly, a duck, for which they suppose he went out, and was seized with cramp as he turned to go back.

One night, while he still lay delirious with fever, his father and I watched beside him: Nellie the doctor had commanded to take rest.

Incessantly he talked—to mamma, Susie, Nellie, and once my name passed his lips; but never, thus far, had papa's been heard—words of endearment for all others. After a while he was pleading with John, the gardener. And Mr. Grafton drew near, and strained his ear to catch the words.

"Do let me take your gun, John? I can bring her down. Don't you know this is papa's birthday? I want so much to have that duck for him. If he knows I got it for him, may be he'll be pleased. And oh, may be he will put his hand on my shoulder and smile on me like Willie Reynolds' father does. And then, oh, then I'd be the happiest boy in the world. John, did your father ever talk and laugh with you? Oh, give me the gun. That's you. Steady, steady!"

An instant more, with a glad shout, he sprang up in the bed, crying out:

"I've winged her! Won't it please papa?"

Tenderly the father laid his boy down again, bending over him with a new light in his eyes, as he lay panting and exhausted before him. All the mystery was explained then. To win a smile from papa, the boy had risked his life. I stole quietly out of the room, leaving the father alone with his child.

On the result of that night, I felt sure, rested the future happiness of Nellie and her children.

It was near morning when I peeped into Freddie's room again. Both were sleeping quietly, sweetly; the father's head resting on the same pillow with his boy's, his arm thrown caressingly over him.

I knew then all was well. I need counsel Nellie no further. God, in his infinite mercy, had decided the happiness of all.

I was called suddenly home, a few days after. But I saw the sunshine had entered the father's heart, and knew its rays would give warmth and joy to all around him.

A year has passed since then, and he has brought them to see us. Once more I clasp in my arms the Nellie of olden times. I'm hearing again her merry, rippling laugh, and watching her dancing on the green with her children and mine. Near by stand their fathers. My eldest, a laughing romp of thirteen, coming up to Mr. Grafton, tries to draw him away to the dance. But with smiles as pleasant as those of his host, he declared his feet dreadfully stupid, and cannot be taught to dance; but his heart is with them, keeping perfect time to the music of the children's voices.

* * *

THE RICH COUSIN.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"At all events, I mean to try," said Rebecca Rollins.

And a very determined little character she appeared, as she sat there in a brown travelling suit, with a scarlet scarf that involuntarily put one in mind of a Robin Redbreast. She was round and rosy, with great hazel eyes, where the liquid lights seemed to swim and deepen beneath a fringe of long curled lashes, pink cheeks, and a red, laughing mouth. Only a busy, hard-working little dress-maker, yet many an heiress with portly money bags and diamond *parures* would gladly have exchanged lots with Rebecca Rollins, all for the sake of that picture-fair face, with its sweet-pea flush and daintily rounded outlines.

Sara Rollins, a tall, dark, bilious looking girl, well into the thirties, listened rather apprehensively to her sister's audacious words.

"But, Becky, what will he think?"

"Think! What he pleases, to be sure. What do I care what he thinks? the cross, crabbed old curmudgeon! Am I not his own second cousin? Were not grandmamma and old Mrs. Ayley sisters?"

"Yes; but—"

"One thing is quite certain," cried Rebecca, nodding her head until the coronal of chestnut-gold hair—all her own, every shining capillary of it—caught brown and bronze lights in the afternoon sunshine: "I have got to stop over night in New York; and instead of going to a hotel and wasting my slender means, why shouldn't I go to No. 5,555 Fifth Avenue? Cousin Ferdinand is at his Newport cottage—I saw that in the 'Personals' in the newspaper—and there will only be servants there. I can easily tell them who I am—"

"And suppose they don't believe you?"

"Oh, but they will!" said Becky, shutting her little pearly teeth together. "People always *do* believe me. And, after all, Ferdinand Ayley is my cousin; haven't I a right in his house?"

And nothing would dissuade Becky Rollins from her will.

"Upon my word, this is very nice," said Becky.

She had pulled the silver bell knob with a certain audacious energy, and stood looking around, with innocent, wide-open eyes of admiration. Yes, it *was* very nice; nobody could contradict that assertion. Broad brown stone steps, with fluted rails and heavy newels, crowned with vases of blossoming creepers; rosewood doors, panelled and silver hinged; plate-glass casements, draped with embroidered lace and silken folds. Becky had read about such things in novel lore, and dreamed of them in sunset reveries, but never before, in all her nineteen-year-old life, had she beheld their dazzling similitude.

Yet, in spite of her resolute self-assertion, her heart did give a little fluttering start, as the door slowly swung inward, and a tall, brown-faced man in a slovenly linen suit stood before her.

"What's wanting?" he brusquely demanded.

"I want to come in!" said Becky, composedly. "I'm your master's cousin, Becky Rollins, from Riker's Mills. You are the butler, I suppose, or some one in charge? Open the door a little wider, why don't you?"

The man eyed her dubiously.

"Suppose I shouldn't let every one in that says she's Mr. Ayley's cousin?"

"O, but you must!" cried Becky, coloring, while the sparkles rose into her brown orbs. "Stand aside! I *will* come in."

The man yielded, with a low chuckling laugh.

"Then I shall look to you not to let *me* be blamed," he said.

"It shall all be right," said Becky graciously. "Where's the sitting-room? Oh, how pretty!"

The last exclamation escaped involuntarily from her lips, as she entered a dainty octagon apartment, hung in fluted blue silk, with a velvet carpet of the softest blue, and low Turkish chairs and sofas, of gilt, upholstered in blue satin.

"It makes me feel as if I were in the inside of a morning-glory," cried Becky, drawing a long breath of delight. "I suppose this is the room where Cousin Ferdinand's wife sits."

"Humph!" responded the factotum. "Your cousin—if he *is* your cousin—don't happen to have any wife. Shall I order up supper?"

"When you please," said Becky, sitting luxuriously down in a shell-shaped chair, and feeling like some fairy princess who has just come into her kingdom. "No wife?" untying her bonnet strings. "Just like him—a cross, crusty old bachelor!"

"You've hit it exactly," said the man, lingering to adjust the window curtains. "But how did you know? You've never seen him, I take it?"

"But I've heard of him though," said Becky. "Rich people are all just so. A stingy, cross-grained, eccentric man, who never has had the grace to send so much as a ten-cent piece to his poor relations. Not that they would have accepted it, if he had. Now you and I, who have to work for our living— By the way, what do they call you?"

"John!"

"Exactly," nodded Becky. "You and I, John, are in no danger of becoming calloused through this world's prosperities."

"Here's your supper," said John bluntly, as a soft-stepping servant brought in a silver tray loaded with delicacies. "And I suppose you're hungry. Everybody is that comes from the country. I came from the country myself once."

Becky clapped her hands.

"Wine and sardines, and white grapes and iced pound-cake!" she cried gleefully. "Exactly like the Arabian Nights. Please don't go, John. I am sure that the minute you vanish a *genius* will rise up from the cracks in the floor, all smoke and flames, and whisk me away to Riker's Mills again. You seem to be a very respectable, substantial sort of man; pray stay and keep me company. How much wages do you have?"

"Not much!" growled John, in a sort of indistinct *basso*.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said Becky, taking a small sip of iced claret. "Dear me! is *this* wine? For my part I like sweet cider better. Yes—didn't I say Cousin Ayley was a miser? What makes you look at me so strangely? You think I talk too much? Well, may be I do. Please give me a glass of cold water instead of this stuff that tastes like stale vinegar. Well, if I were you, John, I wouldn't stay in his service."

"What would you do?" asked John, with rather an amused face. "A man must live."

"Live! Of course he must," Becky answered, nibbling at her slice of iced pound-cake. "But he needn't necessarily live in a state of slavery. Go out to Riker's Mills. Be a farm hand. You'll get good wages, and be treated like an equal. Why," with a slight elevation of her velvety brown eyebrows, "I am only a woman, but I would die sooner than stoop to ask my rich cousin Ayley for a copper cent of his money. *I* am independent."

When Becky Rollins nestled into her silken coverleted bed that night, she thought sleepily, what a nice man her cousin's steward was.

"I wish he would come to Riker's Mills," she thought. "But he won't. Men are so—so conservative."

Three months afterward, Rebecca Rollins came home to spend the Christmas holidays, and darted into the little sitting-room, a bright vision of shining eyes, scarlet cheeks, and dishevelled hair.

"I've come!" cried she.

"So has he!" said her sister Sara.

"Who?"

"Why, Cousin Ferdinand, to be sure."

"Pshaw!" said Becky, making a little gesture of dissatisfaction.

"Well, I declare," said Sara. "I thought you were such great friends. He does nothing but quote you."

Becky opened wide her eyes.

"Me! But I never saw him in my life. Pray where is he?"

And she walked boldly into the best room, and found herself confronting—John!

"O, John!" she cried frankly, "I am so glad to see you. And how is the old skinflint?"

John colored a little.

"Pray don't be angry with me, Miss Becky; but I am the 'old skinflint' myself."

"You!"

"I am John Ferdinand Ayley."

Becky turned and fled into the other room, her face scarlet, her eyes downcast.

"No, Sara, no!" repulsing her sister's attempts at soothing her; "I never, *never* can face him again. Oh, what must he think of me?"

But when Mr. Ayley left Riker's Mills, the wedding-day was set; so that it is to be presumed he didn't "think" very uncharitably of Miss Rebecca Rollins.

Love is an unaccountable fellow at best, but when he takes to fighting *en masquerade*, he is *most* unaccountable.

* * *

AFTER LONG YEARS.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

"It is the most absurd thing in the world!" Mattie Caldwell spoke as if it was as irritating as it was absurd, this *contretemps* she was apostrophizing. It was so novel a thing to see Mattie in even an imitation of a fit of temper, that Charlie Caldwell, her equally even-tempered husband, put down his newspaper to gaze at her in sheer amazement.

"What *is* the matter?"

"Edith. She won't go to Newport with us, and declares her intention of going down to the Hill farm for the summer."

"The Hill farm! Why, I thought—"

"Of course you did," broke in his impulsive little wife; "you thought she and I had suffered sufficient tyranny and unkindness at the Hill farm to make us hate the very name, much less the sight of it. *I do.*"

"And Edith wants to go back again?"

"Not to stay, Charlie; only for a few weeks. Charlie"—and here Mattie drew over her pretty face a mask of solemn mystery in expression—"I believe in my heart it is because Douglas is coming home."

"Do you? I never could understand why he went away so suddenly. So you think it was Edith?"

"I'll tell you all I know about it," said Mattie, perching herself upon her husband's knee. "Before you came to Hill farm, Douglas had been at Seaton for a summer."

"I know that. He sent me there."

"He met Edith at some village gathering, and certainly was pleased with her. You know it was not very easy to court anybody at Hill farm."

"I should say not," said Charlie, with a wry face.

Uncle James seemed to consider it his duty to Edith and me, after poor mamma died, to keep us hard at work, and certainly to allow no male visitors.

"How many times did he set the dogs on me?"

"I don't know; but he treated Douglas after the same fashion. Still, Edith sometimes saw him, and certainly received letters from him. One morning she came to my room with the last happy face I ever saw her wear, and asked me if I could endure the hard life alone a little while—only a little while, and then she would send for me to join her in her new home. She would say no more; but the next day, with a white set face she told me to forget her foolish words, and later I knew that Douglas Fisher had suddenly left Seaton."

"He came to me, Mattie, and told me of the farm and of Edith. Certainly he loved her, but I inferred from his half confidence that his affection was not returned. He spoke of some sudden change in her, and the next news I heard he was preparing to go to Europe. He had written to me from Seaton, and the next summer I too visited the little village. I confess to you I wondered how Edith's cold, impassive beauty could attract so sunny a nature as Douglas had, especially with her pretty saucy sister near it."

"But, Charlie, she was not cold and impassive then. There was not a brighter, livelier girl in Seaton than Edith, before Douglas Fisher left her so unaccountably."

"You think she loved him?"

"I am sure of it."

"And I am sure he loved her. And now, after five years of separation, you think she is running away because my cousin Douglas is coming home?"

"I think so; and as she has no home but this since we were married, of course she has no place to go excepting to Hill farm."

"Mattie, try to find out her side of the story. I am sure there is some mystery about it, and we may be able to set it right yet."

"Oh, Charlie, I would give anything to have Edith married as happily as we are. Misery likes company!" she added saucily, and ran off.

She was not a very skillful diplomatist, and finding Edith sitting rather forlornly alone, plunged headlong into her subject.

"Edith, why are you running away from Douglas Fisher?"

The pale, stately girl looked at her bright young sister a moment in haughty amazement, but reading truly the love and pity in the fair face, answered:

"I had rather not meet him, Mattie."

"But why?" persisted her sister.

"He is Charlie's cousin, and I know they are like brothers, so you see he will be here constantly. Mattie, I could not bear it! I could not meet him here day after day, and know him so false as he has been. Let me go, dear. I am a woman now, and Uncle James cannot tread me down as he did when we were mere children."

"But, Edith, how was he false?"

"You know, darling, how hard our life was; how any change seemed like sunshine; and you know how Douglas tried to win my love. I never went to the village that he did not meet me, and urge me to marry him at once. I loved him, Mattie, but I did not give my heart unsought. One of his favorite pleas was the home we could make for you, little sister, and I was finally won to a consent. Still, it remained to set a time and form a plan for an elopement."

"Why did you not do as Charlie and I did—just walk off to the minister and get married, and then let Uncle James rave as much as he pleased?"

"I don't know. We didn't. You know the old gate post, Mattie, that had the loose top?"

"Yes."

"Douglas and I used that for a post-office. We could slip the top back a little, and there was a space under it where letters could lie secure from rain or wind, or, what was more important, prying eyes. Just at the time I had given my promise to Douglas to be his wife, Uncle James was informed of our meetings by some officious friend, and kept so strict a watch over me that it was impossible for me to go to the village at all. The old gate post became our only medium of communication, and Douglas urged me still more earnestly to leave the farm and be his wife. He wrote me one day that he must soon leave Seaton, and begged me to write upon a slip the time and place where I would meet him, and the train by which we should leave Seaton after I became his wife. 'Darling,' he wrote, 'I am rich, and Mattie shall come to us as soon as you will. Tell me where to meet you, and I will have a clergyman ready to make you my wife. Trust your life to me, Edith, and you shall never regret it.' Mattie, I wrote him a letter, appointing a time and place of meeting. I went there. He did not come. Three days I went almost hourly to the gate post for some word of explanation. None came; and when I next heard from Seaton, Douglas Fisher had gone away."

"Without writing?"

"Without one word. He had written that the letter I told you of was his last appeal. 'I have urged you so often,' he wrote, 'that if you do not reply favorably to this, I shall know it is coquetry, not love, that makes you smile upon me.'"

"Coquetry!" said Mattie disdainfully. "As if you ever knew the meaning of the word!"

"Probably he repented, Mattie, and thought a poor country girl would not grace his city home. But whatever his motive, he left me, and I confess I shrink from meeting him."

"Certainly you do. I will not urge you to stay now, dear; but after we return from Newport, where I suppose Charlie will have Douglas for his guest, you will come home again?"

"We will see, Mattie. Let me go now."

"I am afraid you will find Hill farm just as horrid as ever."

Just as horrid as ever Edith concluded it was, after a week's sojourn at the dismal farm she had called home during her girlhood. Her uncle did not domineer quite so much over the dignified, stately lady who came, after five years of city life, to replace the unformed girl who had left him, but he was morose and ill-tempered as ever, and the dreary house had no added charm. Edith found there were servants to do the churning, baking and house-work she had shared with Mattie, and rambled about the place, wondering a little how many weeks of it would suffice to fit her for a lunatic asylum.

In one of these rambles, two weeks after her arrival, she came upon a group of men who were repairing the tumble-down fences and rickety gates about the place. They were at work upon the old gate post she had turned into a post-office, and she stood listlessly watching them as they loosened the earth around it, to lift the rotten woodwork from its place. The loose top was gone, and there were wide cracks in the wooden slab under it, where the love-letters of five years ago had lain waiting for eager hands and eyes.

Edith felt her heart beating fast, her eyes filling with tears, as blow after blow fell upon the hollow post, cracking, bending it, till it fell to the ground, just as the noon-day bell called the men to dinner.

When the curious eyes that might have seen her were safely in doors, contemplating meat and vegetables, Edith went close to the old post, and looked into the hole where it had stood for so many years. In the damp dark earth she saw a folded paper, evidently shaken from the hollow post by the recent blows. A strange suffocating feeling held her fast for a moment, then she stooped, reached over and secured the letter. It was not a dainty missive, such as she sent to Newport, for it was not easy for her to find scented paper and tinted envelopes at Hill farm. It was a sheet of coarse letter paper, folded, sealed, and stamped with a thimble top, directed in a round, girlish hand to Douglas Fisher: the letter she had written to appoint time and place for an elopement—the letter he had never seen, that in her hurry and agitation she must have slipped through one of the wide cracks down into the hollow post.

She opened it carefully, her heart pitying even then the simple girl who opened her whole loving soul to her lover. The very words were so different from those she would use now. No polished courtesy of address, no polite evasion of the tender questions, but a frank, girlish outpouring of her happy consent to leave her hard, bitter life, and accept the sunny future her lover promised her. Edith was cold, impassive and stately in the days when she shared her sister's happy home. It was a rare event to see her show emotion in any way, and Charlie had wondered more than once at his cousin's admiration of her statuesque beauty.

But as she read now the secret of her lover's apparent fickleness, the record of her own young heart, the tears fell fast upon the yellow, stained sheet, and sobs shook her whole form. There was no one to see her, no one to hear her, and she knelt down by the fallen gate post, and wept for her own lost youth and broken hopes.

She was still kneeling there, the open letter in her hand, when she heard a footstep turn from the road into the narrow lane leading to the farm-house. In a moment it would be at the gate. She sprang to her feet, and faced a tall, heavily bearded man, who paused for a moment, looking searchingly into her face—only for a moment, and then he opened his arms.

"Edith!" he said, in deep tender tones, "I never saw your letter!"

She was resting against his breast as she put it now into his hand, and told him how she had found it.

"Mattie told me all," he said, "and I came on at once. Oh, Edith, it seems too much happiness now to find you still single, still my own!"

Charlie and Mattie were fully prepared for the return of the truants to Newport, and the autumn collected a concourse of dear friends to witness a grand wedding, few suspecting the previous courtship of the handsome couple who were united after long years.

NEW FACES AND OLD.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

At all times, and in all places,
What a sea of human faces
Meet us, greet us, day by day,
As we tread our beaten way!

Some are faces full of care;
Some are plain, and some are fair;
Some are tender, some are cold;
Some are modest, others bold.

But the face that troubles me
More than any that I see
Is the child face full of sadness,
That should portray only gladness.

Little faces come and go,
Pinched with poverty and woe,
In and out the busy throng
Never singing childhood song!

As life's moments swiftly roll,
How *these* faces haunt the soul!
May they, when all hearts are tried,
Shine as do the glorified!

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By **ELIZA A. DUPUY,**

AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A PERILOUS GAME.

Hester met her guest at breakfast, and greeted him with the cordial welcome due to one who had befriended her as she declared Macon had. Nothing in the manner of either betrayed the fact that they were more to each other than passing acquaintance, who, for a season, had been thrown into friendly relations.

Hester hastened the departure of Macon and Zelma. Just before they went on board the steamer which opportunely came to the landing early in the day, she gave Zelma her last instructions about administering the powder to Macon and securing the diamonds. Zelma scarcely understood her, as she was stupefied by a drug that Hester had administered to her for safety. Macon was to keep the girl under the influence of his imbecile powders till they arrived far enough North to be out of danger from any possible communications by Zelma with those who could interfere with the wicked plot in which he was engaged.

As soon as they had gone, Hester locked herself in her room and wrote a letter to her mother, telling her to meet Macon and Zelma in disguise, at a certain place whither they were to go, get the powder from Zelma, and administer it herself to Macon, and then secure the diamonds and the girl. This she did for fear that Zelma would be unequal to the emergency when it should arrive.

Hester also wrote to Herbert Spencer, informing him of the loss of the family diamonds, accusing Zulieme and Gabe of their theft, and asking him to have the culprits arrested and put in safe-keeping till she could come to New Orleans herself, which she would speedily do. She then went on a visit to Mrs. De Lorme at Oaklands, told her that Macon had come to her from Mrs. Blake to purchase all of old Zelma's family, and that she had sent young Zelma north with him. Mrs. De Lorme was greatly astonished, but let the matter pass with but little comment.

Hester put on her sweetest manner, and took Lena and Nettie De Lorme home with her to stay all night. The next morning, after breakfast, she led the conversation to the subject of diamonds, and then Lena and Nettie expressed a desire to see the Landry jewels, of the magnificence of which they had often heard. This gave Hester the opportunity she had manœuvred to gain, and going to her room with the children, she unlocked her cabinet to show them the jewels. Of course they were not to be found. Hester's acting was so consummate, on the occasion, that everybody in the house was deceived by it. She accused Zulieme and Gabriel of the robbery, and declared her intention of going to New Orleans the next day to investigate the matter. Meanwhile, she would write, she said, immediately to Herbert Spencer to have him secure the arrest of Zulieme and her son, before they could escape with the booty.

In the afternoon, Hester drove over to Oaklands to inform Mrs. De Lorme of the robbery, and of her intention to go to New Orleans the next day; also to request Mrs. De Lorme to allow Clarice and Miss Lyman to stay at Oaklands during her absence. Mrs. De Lorme was amazed at Hester's story, and utterly discredited her charge against Zulieme and Gabriel. Zulieme's honesty and integrity were so well known, she said, that she could not believe her guilty of such a crime.

Mrs. De Lorme had letters from Raymond, in which he announced his immediate return, and stated that he should have been home a month earlier had it not been for an accidental fall while climbing among the Alps, which had temporarily disabled him. He had inclosed a letter for Estelle, which Mrs. De Lorme handed to Hester. It was an ardent love-letter; and the burning protestations of affection which Ray lavished upon her rival made Hester hate her all the more, and also made her all the more resolve to win the writer for her own husband, and to secure his love beyond all possibility of its ever being taken from her.

The next day Miss Lyman and Clarice went to Oaklands, and Hester started for New Orleans. In the mean time Herbert Spencer had had Zulieme and her son arrested on a charge of stealing the diamonds, and they were lodged in the calaboose. Unfortunately for them, Zulieme had confided her suspicions about Hester to Marion, and begged her wildly to let her go north in search of her beloved nurse-child Estelle. She had so impressed Marion with the truthfulness of her suspicions, that Mrs. Spencer had induced her husband, though much against his will, to telegraph to a detective in Boston, named Gibbs, to go to Blanton and investigate the case. But Zulieme could not be satisfied to leave the matter in the hands of strangers, and had actually attempted to run away, and steal a passage to New York on a northern bound ship. It was while she was making this attempt that Hester's letter came, accusing her and Gabriel of the robbery. Her attempt to run away gave color to the charge, and she and Gabriel were arrested and locked up as already stated. Of course the diamonds were not found, and Zulieme declared the charge of robbery "was made by Hetty Blake jus' to 'fend herself agin what she feared was a comin', 'cause she knew as how I s'pected her."

In the mean time Hester had reached New Orleans in safety. When the packet arrived, Spencer was at the landing with a carriage, and on their way to his house he informed her of the arrest of Zulieme and her son, and of their positive denial of the crime attributed to them.

"Of course they assert their innocence," said Hester calmly. "That is to be expected, but it does not alter the facts of the case. No one but Zulieme and myself had access to the place in which the diamonds were kept; and as *I* would scarcely rob myself, she alone can have perpetrated the theft. Gabriel has probably buried the diamonds in some safe place, to be reclaimed hereafter. If he has done that, I can offer him such a bribe as will induce him to reveal the place of their concealment. Unless he accepts my terms, I will have him condemned to hard labor for life."

It was night, and Spencer could not see her face, but he recoiled from something in her voice which, for the first time, gave him an idea of how hard and merciless she could be. He coldly said:

"I have done all that lay in my power to discover the fate of the diamonds, and if you are more successful with the prisoners than I have been, it will be fortunate for you. I have talked with both in private, and thus far I have elicited nothing but passionate protestations of innocence."

"Which one would almost think you believe in, Herbert; yet, as I said to you before, either *they* or *I* must have secreted the jewels. You can choose which you will suspect."

"Good Heavens, Estelle! do you for a moment imagine that I could impute such guilt to *you*? What motive could you have for robbing yourself?"

"Has not Zulieme supplied one? I have sent Zelma away from the plantation, but before she went she confessed to me that her aunt accused me of having assumed to be Estelle Landry, when I am really that discarded daughter who is said so strikingly to resemble me. Has she not told you this, Herbert, and has it not already infused in your mind a taint of suspicion which may be fatal to me if I do not meet it boldly? Think what the result to me might be, if Raymond were met by such a slander as that when he lands upon his native shores. I think I would kill myself if he heard of it."

The tones were alternately indignant and pathetic, and Spencer felt self-condemned that he had ever listened to the charges made against her by Zulieme. He earnestly said:

"It is true that you have divined the accusations brought by this woman, and you meet them in the right spirit. I have been compelled to listen to them, Estelle, but do me the justice to believe that I placed not the slightest faith in them. I did not intend to tell you what she has said, but since you speak so frankly yourself, I will follow your example. Zulieme accuses you of having made way with the gems, as a provision for yourself, when you are ignominiously compelled to surrender what you have usurped."

Hester laughed derisively.

"What an imagination the creature must have! Can she bring forward any proof that I am not the co-heiress of Armand Landry? If she can, I am quite ready to hear it."

"She has no proof that is worthy of repetition. I feel some natural sympathy for this poor creature, for I think she has brooded over one idea until it has deranged her mind. If she appropriated your jewels, Marion thinks it was with the belief that the money realized from them would enable her to prosecute a search for her young mistress, which she was most anxious to undertake. Before your letter came, informing us of the loss you had sustained, Zulieme had entreated Marion to intercede with me to allow her to go north in quest of the true Estelle."

"And did Marion accede to her request so far as to ask you to do such a thing?" she inquired in a hard tone. "If she did, after associating with me as long and intimately as she has done, I shall find it very difficult to forgive her, and love her as I once did."

"Marion, as a good wife should, told me what had passed between them," replied Spencer evasively. "Of course we neither of us thought of permitting Zulieme to go on such a quest as that. In place of being your accuser, Estelle, I would be your champion, if the occasion arose. But it will not. Zulieme has really no power to injure you, and measures can be taken to compel her to silence. She has as yet confided her wild delusion to no one save Marion and myself, and of our discretion you are assured."

"You are mistaken as to that, for she told the same story to Zelma; and when the girl confessed it to me, after her aunt went away, I seized on the first opportunity to get rid of her. Dr. Macon came to Le Bocage the day you left, and as he stated the object of his visit was to purchase old Zelma's family for Mrs. Blake, I gladly sent the girl off with him. She was well pleased to go, for after a few years' service she will of course be free."

"Dr. Macon came all the way to Le Bocage on such an errand as that?" exclaimed Spencer. "Why did he not write? What could have been his ulterior motive for making so long a journey? for he must have had one."

With a light laugh Hester gave an ingenious explanation of Macon's visit, declaring that among other motives which he had for making it, was an absurd love for herself. But she had speedily sent him back to his betrothed, Hester Blake, and he had taken Zelma with him.

Spencer thought the whole transaction a very singular one, but Hester's magnetic power over those brought in immediate contact with her, made itself felt as strongly as ever, and in spite of the cause he had to suspect her, he elected to give implicit credence to her statements.

The carriage drew up in front of the gate, and Spencer roused himself from his unpleasant abstraction to say, in a cordial tone:

"Here we are at my house, Estelle, and I can assure you that it will afford Marion and myself great satisfaction to offer to you the hospitality of the home you helped us to secure."

Marion, with a white nubia thrown over her head, was standing at the gate awaiting them, and she welcomed Hester with an eager empressement which seemed as if she wished to atone for some involuntary wrong she had done her.

"My dearest Estelle, I am most happy to see you in my new home," she cried. "Come in at once and see what a charming place it is, and before you go away you will know that you have made two people happy together, who could never have been contented apart."

A bright moon was shining over the pretty house and cultivated grounds, and Hester looked around, and said, in her most dulcet tones:

"The exterior is very pleasing, I confess, Marion; but with you as the presiding goddess, the interior will be yet more attractive."

They entered the house, and Hester was taken at once to the pleasant apartment which had been prepared for her. After assisting her to remove her wrappings, Marion excused herself a few moments, promising to return directly to conduct her guest to the parlor, and Hester sat down to think over the conversation between herself and Spencer.

By the time Marion flitted back to her husband, Spencer was in the cozy parlor, ready to listen to what she evidently had to tell him.

"What is it, *pétite*?" he asked quickly. "Your face is so bright that I anticipate something pleasant."

"There is a telegram for you, which came a few moments after you left. I am so glad it arrived before Estelle came. I can be quite natural with her now; only when I feel ashamed of my suspicions, I shall be uncomfortable."

"Then I infer that they have been set at rest. You know I told you so, Marion, from the first."

"Oh, yes; of course you were wiser than I," she said, with a little pout, "but it isn't generous in you to tell me so."

Marion moved toward the table on which lay the dispatch. Spencer eagerly opened it, and read the brief communication sent him by Mr. Gibbs:

"Went to Blanton. Found all right about Mrs. B—— and her daughter. They are in New York. Have written particulars, but thought you would like to hear from me before the letter could reach you.
J. GIBBS."

Marion watched his brightening face as he read, and then said:

"I must go back to our guest now; but first throw that telegram in the fire, Herbert. It would be very awkward if by any chance Estelle gained sight of it."

"And I am apt to be heedless about my letters you have already found out, little woman. There—all is safe now," and the envelope was thrown into the grate. Spencer watched it as it shrivelled in the blaze, and thought that nothing should induce him again to harbor a doubt of the girl who had so substantially proved her friendship for himself.

CHAPTER L.

HESTER TRIUMPHANT.

Hester appeared at the breakfast table with that expression of gentle sadness upon her features which she thought appropriate to the occasion. It had been arranged that she should visit Zulieme and Gabriel at the calaboose, to see if they would not confess their crime. At the appointed hour, Spencer took her in a carriage to the prison, where, at her request, he left her to interview the prisoners alone. She first saw Gabriel, whom she found in a craven spirit of depression admirably adapted to her purposes. She met his protestations of innocence with an alleged written confession by his mother of the crime, and a statement that her son had given the box containing the diamonds to a man on board the steam-boat, to be sent north by express to Mrs. Blake.

Poor Gabriel was so overwhelmed by this document, and so frightened by Hester's threats, that, in order to save himself from a terrible punishment, and to gain the freedom which Hester promised him on his complying with her wishes, that he signed, by making his mark, a corroboration of his mother's supposed confession.

Having secured this admission from Gabriel, Hester struck sharply on the door of the cell, and it was opened at once. Without casting a backward glance at the poor ignorant creature on whom she had just imposed such a deception, she passed out, and a few quick steps brought her to the door of Zulieme's cell. It opened, closed on her, and the two were face to face.

At the sound of the key grating in the lock, Zulieme had arisen, and she almost humbly said:

"Good-mornin', Miss Estelle. I'm feared that I've done and said some things that you'll find it hard to forgive, but I an't guilty of what they 'cuses me of. I never teched them di'monds, and I don't know nothing about 'em."

Hester scornfully replied:

"That is a very likely story when I have in my pocket the positive statement of your son that the box containing them was given by him to a man on board of the boat you came down on, to be put in the express office here, and sent on to Mrs. Blake. I understand now why she took the trouble to send an agent all the way to the plantation to buy yourself, your son and Zelma, that she might free all of you."

The two statements made in this speech so utterly confounded Zulieme that she sat staring wildly at the speaker, incapable of speaking for several moments. At length she faltered:

"Gaby could never have said that. As to Mrs. Blake, bad as you have treated me, Miss Estelle, I'd rather be your slave than to be set free by her, and with stolen money too. I never took them things, and I believe you *know* that I never did."

"Insolent! how dare you say such a thing as that to me?" And Hester's eyes glared on her with that peculiar expression before spoken of, which was the only physical trait she inherited from her mother. It struck on Zulieme's inner sense as an electric shock, and reckless of consequences to herself, she cried out:

"How can I be 'cused of insolence to you, Hetty Blake, when you're no better than I am? You're *not my* child, and I'll cry out to the bitter end till some one is found to look her up, and bring her face to face wi' you, and put you down where you belongs."

The speaker seemed beside herself with excitement and passion, but Hester, who felt herself mistress of the situation, mockingly said:

"Who will you find to believe your assertions? Let me be who I may, the power to save or destroy you is in my hands; and unless you submit to my dictation, I will crush you as ruthlessly as I would any reptile that rears its head to strike at me. I am the mistress—*you are the slave*."

Zulieme knew full well that Hester spoke the truth when she said that no accusation from her lips would be regarded. Even if brought face to face in a court of justice, the slave would not be allowed to testify against her owner. She had rapidly reviewed the position, and she had intelligence enough to understand it. In a dejected tone, she said:

"If I thought I could do anything agin you, I'd try it, but 'twouldn't be no use—I'd only ruin myself and Gaby, without helping my poor darling. Where is she, Hetty Blake? What have you done with her?"

"I don't mind telling you," said Hester defiantly, "for you can never make any use of the information. She is an idiot—her head was so badly hurt in that railroad smash that she will never be right again. *I* have taken her place, and I mean to defend my right to it to the bitter end. I am not afraid to tell you this, for there is no one to hear it but yourself, and if you repeated it you would be treated as a mad woman, if I did not order you to be even more severely dealt with than that."

At the revelation of what had befallen Estelle Landry, the woman uttered a faint cry, and bowed her head on her hands; a few tears fell from her burning eyelids, and when Hester ceased speaking, she drearily said:

"You needn't threaten me now; I haven't the heart to try to bear up agin you. What is it I'm to do for my poor boy?—and what's to become o' me when he's let go?"

Again Hester drew forth the confession she had prepared, and said:

"You are to sign your name to this paper, for I am aware that you can write. In it you confess that you have purloined my diamonds, with the understanding between yourself and Mrs. Blake that she was to purchase you, your son and your niece, because your family had once belonged to her father, and also because your mother had exacted from her a promise to buy you and set you free, whenever she possessed the power to do so."

"It don't make no difference what I sign now; but what is to become o' me when Gaby's gone?"

"I shall send him north to regain the jewels for me, for I know he is to be trusted. The best I can do for you, to save you from imprisonment for life, will be to sell you to go into the interior of Texas. But before I do even that, you shall take an oath never to speak of these things to any living being."

The spirit of Zulieme seemed broken by what she had lately heard with reference to her young mistress; she felt as one suddenly crushed to the earth, and in her desolation she cared very little what became of herself. Her courage completely forsook her, and with a piteous wail she cried out:

"What good would it do to tell now? I'll swear anything—anything you want me to, if you'll only tell me where my child is, and let me go to her to take care of her, now she's out of her mind."

"But would you *keep* your oath, Zulieme?" asked Hester. "If I granted your prayer, would you really and truly keep faith with me, by refraining to hint even at the secret of Estelle Landry's identity?"

"I could, and I would," said the woman, a sudden gleam of something like hope lighting up her dark face. "If you'll let me go to her, and stay with her as long as she'll want me, I swear to you on this blessed cross"—and she drew one from her bosom—"that I will keep as silent as the dead about what you have done. If my poor darling can't understand the wrong that's been done her, why shouldn't I be willing to forget it?"

Hester reflected a few moments. She was most anxious to establish for herself, in Spencer's estimation, a character for liberality and kindness of heart. She knew that she could safely rely on the pledged word of this woman, and the thought occurred to her that it would be best for herself to win from Zulieme's gratitude the pledges which, if wrung from fear, might be broken when she was freed from the thrall in which she was at present held. If she made a voluntary promise, Hester felt certain that it would be kept. The result of her reflections was that she resolved to send Zulieme and Gabriel to New York; and having exacted a terrible oath from Zulieme, and obtained her signature to the confession, she was ready to depart when Herbert returned for her in the carriage.

On their way back to the house Hester refused to speak of what had passed between herself and the two captives. In reply to Spencer's eager inquiries, she would only say:

"Wait till we are with Marion, for you will be sure to condemn what I have done, and I shall need her to apologize for my weakness, and to sustain me in it."

Spencer made no reply to this, and when they entered the house Hester drew from her pocket the confession, and said:

"Show it to Marion, and discuss it while I go to my room and lie down a little while. After dinner I will tell you both what I have promised to do for those guilty ones, to save them from the consequences of their crime."

She passed on to her own apartment, and the husband and wife went into the parlor and sat down side by side on the sofa, to read the document so craftily prepared for the purpose of deceiving them.

It was brief, and run thus:

"I, Zulieme Ledru, confess that one evening, when I was sent by my mistress to her private cabinet to get out a bracelet she wished to wear, I stole then and there a casket which I knew contained the Landry diamonds. I hid them under the floor of my cottage, hoping to find a chance to get away with them.

"None offered till I was sent to New Orleans with Mr. Spencer, and then I made my son Gabriel, who knew nothing of the theft, give the box in which I had placed them to a white deck hand on the boat, named Frantz Muntz, that I knew something of. He was to put it in the express office in the city, and send it to Mrs. Hagar Blake in New York to keep for me till I came on myself.

"Mrs. Blake knew nothing of the robbery either, and I only sent them to her because I knew she would do me a good turn, if she could without hurting herself. This is the whole truth about it, so help me God.
ZULIEME LEDRU."

Beneath was written:

"I was the agent of my mother in disposing of the box, but I did not know what it contained.
"GABRIEL LEDRU—his + mark."

When they came to Mrs. Blake's name, both uttered a slight exclamation, but read on without comment till they reached the end. Before any comment could be made upon this singular document, Hester came through the half-open door, without her wrappings, which had been hastily thrown aside, and wearily and deprecatingly said:

"I know you will both blame me, but I may as well tell you at once that I have not only promised those people that I will not take any steps against them, but I have actually pledged my word that both shall have their freedom, and be sent north as soon as Herbert can get them set at liberty, and obtain a passage for them."

Marion impulsively exclaimed:

"Oh, I am so glad to hear this!"

But Spencer looked very grave, and silently awaited further explanation.

Hester said:

"I cannot pretend to give any connected account of my interview with Zulieme, for the poor creature was in such a state of excitement after I succeeded in wringing from her a confession of her guilt, that my heart bled for her. She has got the absurd notion fixed in her mind that I am Hester Blake, and she robbed me for the purpose of obtaining the means to seek for her true mistress. As her devotion to *me* misled her, after all, I felt that it would be shameful to be harsh with her. I was weak enough too, to suffer the old childish affection for her to surge up again and influence me. I remembered Zulieme's devotion to me when I was a helpless little creature, and I forgave her the wrong she has done me, and promised her freedom for herself and her son if she would swear to recover the diamonds and restore them to me."

"But, Estelle, what guarantee can you have that the woman will keep her word?" asked Spencer. "She has proved herself such an adept in falsehood that no trust can be placed in her, in my opinion."

"I do not agree with you. I consider her a monomaniac on one subject, but perfectly reliable in every other respect. I shrank from the thought of selling her away from her only child, and I—I—did the best thing I could think of to disabuse her mind of the delusion that has so misled her. I told her I would send her to Mrs. Blake, that she may satisfy herself that her daughter is still with her. I hope you do not think I was wrong, Herbert?"

She looked pleadingly in his face, with her softest and most winning expression thrown into her large black eyes, and Spencer's lips relaxed into a faint smile, as he said:

"The whole proceeding seems to have been eminently feminine, and I cannot condemn the softness of heart which is the most beautiful attribute of your sex. Still, I fear that you are trusting too much to Zulieme's honor. However, I will carry out your wishes, so far as their execution depends on me, and will have these unfortunate people released and sent north as soon as possible."

"Then it is settled that I am to have my own way without being scolded," Hester replied, smiling: "and now I will go back to my room and lie down a few moments, for I am really tired out with what I have gone through to-day."

She left the apartment, and did not reappear till she was summoned for dinner.

When dinner was nearly over, Spencer reminded Hester of the necessity of ascertaining if the box containing the diamonds had been sent north through the express office, but she boldly declared:

"There is no necessity for that; for Zulieme gave me the receipt from the office, which Muntz sent to her by Gabriel. I do not wish any inquiry to be made there, because it would link Mrs. Blake's name with the robbery—a thing I wish especially to avoid, for the sake of her daughter. I have a strong feeling of tenderness in my heart for this double of mine, and for her sake I will do nothing to injure her mother."

Spencer combated this resolution in vain, but Hester gave so many specious reasons for her course of action that he was at length compelled to yield, though he thought her very quixotic to refuse to satisfy herself that the box had actually been sent. The receipt might have been forged, and the man have made way with the box, but Hester said it was printed in the usual form, and she had no doubt it was genuine.

When Spencer departed and left the two ladies together, Hester used all her arts to efface from Marion's mind the doubts which she intuitively felt had again clouded it. She was so far successful that the latter hated herself more intensely than ever for not being able to have implicit faith in the being who charmed her in spite of herself.

It was late when Spencer came back, but he had accomplished much in the interval of his absence. He had found a sailing vessel bound for New York, and had made an agreement with the captain to take charge of the two negroes till they reached that port. He had also notified in the proper quarter that the charge against Zulieme and her son had been withdrawn, and that Miss Landry wished them to be released as soon as the necessary formalities could be gone through with.

Hester thanked him sweetly, and the next day she went out alone and purchased a handsome bookcase, and ordered from the publishers the finest sets of Sir Walter Scott's works and those of Dickens which were to be found; as these were especial favorites of Spencer's, she felt certain that no present would be more acceptable to him. On her return she told Marion that she had been into the lower portion of the city to consult a distinguished French surgeon as to the condition of her shoulder; that she had been induced to prefer him to Dr. Pierre on account of some remarkable cures the newspapers stated that he had recently performed.

"I am afraid he is only a quack," said Marion, "and it would have been safer to consult a well-known physician. I am sorry you went to him, Estelle, and still sorrier that you need his services."

"Oh, I shall not need them long. He gave me an ointment which he declares will act like magic, though the place will leave a bad scar. Isn't it curious that my double is said to have one made by the bite of a rabid dog on the same shoulder?"

She looked keenly at Marion as she said this, but she was on guard, and determined not to betray the vague suspicions that still tormented her mind. She only said:

"Yes—it is a very singular coincidence," and Hester could gather nothing from her manner.

When everything was arranged for the departure of Zulieme and her son, Spencer went himself to the prison to announce to the woman that she was free, and anxious to see what the effect of the news would be. She received it at first passively, but soon burst into a passionate wail of sobs and cries which threatened to unfit her for removal on that day.

He was vexed and annoyed, and sternly said:

"It is fitting enough that you should weep over your own wrong-doing, Zulieme, but you must find some other time in which to shed the tears of repentance. Control yourself now, for if you wish to set out on your voyage you must go with me at once. I promised your mistress to take you to the ship myself, and I shall be glad when I have seen the last of one who has so basely slandered so noble-hearted a being as Estelle Landry has proved herself in her course toward you."

Zulieme swallowed her tears, and strangled her sobs at these words. She humbly said:

"I ought to feel grateful to you, sir, and I'll try not to give you more trouble than I can help. If I was as bad as you think me, Mr. Spencer, I wouldn't be crying this day when I ought to be laughing and rejoicing that I'm took out o' the house o' bondage. Oh, sir, you don't know—"

"There—that will do. I know that by your own confession you are a thief. You are also a slanderer of one who is heaping coals of fire on your head by showing unmerited kindness toward you. I cannot forget the dreadful charges you brought against Miss Landry—you who should have defended her as you would your own child. Why did you attempt to make my wife believe her other than she is? And what object had you to gain in attempting to poison the minds of her nearest friends against her? Such baseness is unpardonable."

The next day Spencer had the captives set free, the charge against them having been withdrawn by Miss Landry; and that same night the *Eagle*, a ship bound for New York, dropped down the stream on her way to her destination, having on board the two who believed they were on their way to a new life: Zulieme comparatively happy in the thought that she was going to make herself useful to one she loved; Gabriel dreaming of Zelma, and the chances of winning the means to purchase her freedom in the land to which they were bound, for they had not been told that Zelma had preceded them to the north.

Neither one of them dreamed of the welcome preparing for them on their arrival in New York.

When Hester knew that Zulieme was safely out of the way, her spirits rose, and she made herself very charming to her entertainers. The morning after the *Eagle* sailed, she said to Marion:

"Ray is coming, and he insisted in his last letter that I shall be ready to give him my hand the day after he arrives. After our long and cruel separation I can refuse him nothing, so I must be prepared for a speedy bridal when the conquering hero makes his appearance. Will you go with me, dear, to select robes fitting for the occasion?"

Marion willingly consented, and a magnificent bridal costume was ordered—a robe of point lace over satin, and a vail of the same costly material. The other articles of an expensive trousseau were ordered from the same house, and were to be sent after her to Le Bocage.

A week passed away very delightfully, for Hester put aside every fear, believing that fate itself was playing into her hands, and Spencer and his wife began almost to forget that they had ever cherished any doubts concerning their fascinating guest.

On the evening before her departure for Le Bocage a telegram came from Raymond De Lorme, who had landed safely in Boston, and would set out the same day toward the bourne he was so anxious to reach. In ten days at farthest he might be expected, and Hester declared she must return home at once to await his arrival there.

She would have exacted a promise from Spencer and Marion to come up to her wedding, but he declared that it was simply impossible for him to go, as he had already lost as much time from his business as he could afford, and Marion refused to leave him. Hester seemed disappointed, but she said, with a smile:

"I shall see you soon again, at any rate, for I shall insist that Ray shall take me at once to Europe, and complete his tour in my company."

The next morning Hester took leave of Spencer and his wife, and set out for the plantation under the care of Victor Malone, who had been spending a few days in New Orleans. As they rounded out from the city, the two were standing on the guard together, and he said:

"I hope that we shall be more fortunate than the poor old *Greenwood* was. Have you seen the account of her loss, Miss Landry? Steamboat accidents are becoming so common that it makes one nervous to travel on them."

The name struck her, for it was that of the boat on which Macon had taken his departure with poor little Zelma. She changed color, as she replied:

"I have not seen any account of it. Pray tell me all the particulars, for a friend of mine who visited Le Bocage not two weeks since, went away on that very boat."

"The account is in the morning papers, and the calamity was a fearful one. I am sorry to hear that any one you are interested in was on board, for the passengers were nearly all lost. But the particulars are in the paper here."

Hester snatched the paper, and glanced down the paragraph headed, "Steam-boat disaster." When she saw the name of Dr. Macon among the doomed passengers, her heart gave one great bound of exultation, and had she dared, she could have cried aloud, "Eureka! the stake I have played for is won."

But Hester was never unmindful of the proprieties, and she dropped her heavy crape vail over her face to conceal its expression from her companion.

When she could speak calmly, she said:

"It is dreadful—dreadful! I regret Dr. Macon's death, for he was very good to me when I was in need of kindness; but that does not touch me as nearly as the fate of poor little Zelma. She wished to be free, and she has the widest freedom now, poor child. I believe I will go to my room for a time, Mr. Malone, for this news has overcome me a little."

He took her to the door of her state-room, and Hester locked it as soon as she entered, though there was no fear of intrusion. She threw off her bonnet, and buried her face in the pillow to stifle the wild laughter that came to her lips, and then she wept hysterically.

She certainly was not weeping over Macon's fate, nor did she give a regret to that of his companion; she was simply excited beyond all bounds at the certainty that now she was free to walk on the path she had chosen, with no one to molest her, or make her afraid.

When she at length grew calmer, her red lip curled with triumph as she muttered:

"*Now* Ray is mine—*mine*, and I can daily exult over that haughty mother of his, and laugh in my sleeve to think that Hagar Blake's daughter is the wife of her cherished son. My destiny is assured by this catastrophe, and I think I will turn pagan, and erect an altar to Fate, for it has befriended me at every turn."

Late in the evening Hester was landed at Le Bocage, and she found Miss Lyman and Clarice there to welcome her, for she had written to apprise them of the day of her return.

Hester exhibited Zulieme's pretended confession to Miss Lyman, and told her of what had been done with the accused, giving her own plausible coloring to the narration; and she retired that night with the pleasant conviction that all danger had been tided over, and henceforth her bark of life would glide in smooth waters, little dreaming that a terrible storm of retribution was even then gathering to burst upon her head.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—He who combats his own evil passions and desires, enters into the severest battle of life; and if he combats successfully, obtains the greatest victory.

THE WORD DARLING.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

"My darling, come sit by me closely, for I
Need the touch of your hand and the light of your eye,
While together our hearts sweet communing will make,
As the glad waves that mingle their joy on a lake."

So to his betrothed one he whispered that night:
In the little word "darling" what beauty and might!
In aught other can more by a mortal be found?
It is Love's sacred music—the fragrance of sound.

Nor alone from the wedded, or those to be wed,
Is that music of "darling" delightfully shed:
Darling father or mother, how fondly it breathes!
Darling brother or sister, what home mem'ry wreathes!

Darling friends—yes, the word is for them cherished too,
And Humanity's paths with some roses bestrew,
Which must make many struggles in life seem divine,
That would otherwise offer but dark bowls of brine.

Darling child—O, what tenderness swells in the word,
When it is from the lips of the proud parent heard!
And the parent, how steals through the heart and the frame,
As from Heaven itself, an angelical flame!

Ever blessed be the word with its Eden of love!
Ever prophecy speak of the mansions above,
Where no hatred to quench it is evermore found,
But Affection floats on such a fragrance of sound!

* * *

BORROWING A GIRL.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"I suppose you never had any housekeeping troubles, Mrs. Marble," said her friend Mrs. Brown, newly married and newly awakened to the possible depth of kitchen woes. "You know so much about everything, that I suppose it don't make much difference to you whether the cook goes away or not."

"It isn't so hard to get through with a dinner as it might be for you," said Mrs. Marble; "but there was a time when I was as ignorant of housekeeping affairs as a kitten. Theodore was twenty-one and I seventeen when we were married. I had never even seen anything cooked, for I had lost my mother in infancy, and had been actually brought up at a fashionable boarding-school, and our whole reliance was placed upon our one servant Anne, an excellent cook, with a dreadful temper, who had been hired at an intelligence office in New York by a mutual friend the day before we set up housekeeping. It was a good way out of town, but trains ran regularly, and our friends came out very often to tea or dinner. I always told Anne to 'get something nice,' and she always did, and pretty bills we had to pay certainly, although we had no idea how ridiculous they were until long afterward.

"I poured the tea, and Theo. helped the dishes, and our girl and boy friends were delighted with the 'cunning little home,' and declared they should marry as soon as possible, for the sake of having one like it. And we sang and chatted, and took pleasant walks, and enjoyed our company very much; and Anne, as I said before, provided for us.

"But that was a very different sort of thing from having Theo.'s aunts come to see us. They had both been angry with him for marrying so young, and Aunt Martha had chosen a certain Miss Stibbs for his future wife, and was very much provoked that he had not chosen her also. But they had made up their minds to be reconciled at last, and had sent word that they would come to tea on Friday afternoon.

"Friday always *was* an unlucky day, and when Theodore said, as he kissed me good-bye before running away to catch the train, 'Tell Anne to have a very nice supper,' I felt that a heavy responsibility rested upon me at last. Apart from the fact that it was nice to be friends with relatives, all Theodore's expectations were from Miss Martha Dicks, his mother's sister, who was a very economical old maiden lady, who dressed very shabbily, and was worth ever so many hundred thousands. And his father's sister, Mrs. Agatha Dwight, though a very extravagant, dressy, dashing woman, who always overspent her income, had a good deal of influence, and was an important friend. I had never seen either of them, though I had Aunt Agatha's photograph, and an old black 'profile' of Aunt Martha.

"I'm so glad it isn't a dinner, I said to myself. Tea is always an easy meal, and my china and table linen are unexceptionable; so I have no fear of making a failure. And down stairs I went to consult Anne, the only servant of the establishment, who, to my consternation, demanded her wages, her month being up, and took her departure, because the house was so overrun with company, leaving me with all the work of the house on my hands, and nothing whatever provided for tea. We lived in a little out-of-town place. There was no baker or confectioner anywhere to be found, no grocer who sold preserves or canned fruit, not a dainty to be purchased. Everything *must* be made by the housekeeper, or her assistants; and I, alas! fresh from a fashionable boarding-school, knew nothing about cooking. I had never even made the tea.

I sat down to comfort myself by crying, and was succeeding magnificently, when a good-natured voice at my ear cried:

"Dear me! what's the matter?"

I looked up. There stood my good-natured fat neighbor, Mrs. Willis, who often ran in for a chat, or to borrow a paper. Her rosy face was a pleasant thing to look at just then, and I told her all my troubles.

"That's the worst of living here, hours away from any kind of stores," said Mrs. Willis. "Now, if this was New York, I'd run to an intelligence office and get you *some* kind of a cook in two hours. As it is, let's see. Why, I guess I can let you have my Minty this afternoon. She's just from the South. She can cook, but don't let her set your tea-table; she'll get it all askew, and break all the dishes into the bargain; but she *can* cook, and that's your present bother. I'll send her over at twelve o'clock. Come and take dinner with me, and you can bring her home with you. I sha'n't have any company this afternoon, or if I have I can manage."

"Oh, you are too good, Mrs. Willis," said I.

"You'd do as much for *me*, I know," said my neighbor. "Mind you come and take pot-luck with me at twelve:" and off she went.

Greatly relieved, I swept, dusted, rubbed and polished my glasses and my silver, counted my finest napkins, and laid out my best table-cloth. And hot and weary, went over to my neighbor's house, glad enough to rest and eat my dinner.

When it was over, Minty was summoned.

"Now, Minty," said Mrs. Willis, "I'm going to lend you to Mrs. Marble this afternoon, and you are to cook things for tea for her, just as nice as you can. She's going to have some very great company, indeed—*very* rich ladies—and she'll die of shame if things an't cooked as well as possible."

Here Mrs. Willis winked at me over Minty's shoulder.

"So mind; don't disgrace us all, and yourself too, by spoiling things."

"No'm," said Minty. "Ef it's possible, I'll please de lady. I'll try my best. Ef *she* give out de things, *I'll* cook 'em like my white folks always had 'em, or any way she gives turections."

This with a long drawl, and much shaking of the head.

"I know you'll do very nicely," I said. "And I'm very much obliged to Mrs. Willis, and to you too."

And away I went, followed by my new assistant.

We had hardly got to work when tinkle, tinkle went the bell.

"Oh," said I, "I'll have to run and dress. You open the door, Minty."

"Yas 'm," said Minty.

And as I stood before my glass, looking desparingly at the hair which failed to crimp, because of heat and perspiration, she brought me Mrs. Dwight's card.

"Only *one* lady?" said I.

"Mighty fine elligant lady!" said Minty.

"There'll be another here soon," said I. "And, Minty, I can't come out again for more than a moment. *Do* do the best you can."

"Yas'm," said Minty.

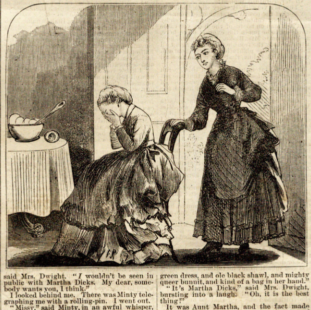
It is a trying thing to a young wife to be introduced to her husband's relations, and to introduce one's self is worse. I trembled so that I could hardly fasten my bracelets or button my basque; and finally, red and flustered, with not a sign of crimp in my hair, I hurried down stairs to offer my greetings to Mrs. Dwight, whom I found to be a very large, fat, handsome lady, in gorgeous attire, with diamonds on her fingers, and diamonds in her ears and on her bosom.

"I'm so glad to see any of Theo.'s relations," said I.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Dwight. "Thank you. I suppose you'll have the gratification of seeing Martha Dicks after a while. I presume she'll come in that rag of a black silk, and her old gray shawl. Such ostentation, for a rich woman to dress so! Nothing else, Mrs. Theodore, I assure you. Has had charity offered her in the streets, I'm told, on account of her forlorn appearance. *She* is Theodore's mother's sister, you know. *I* am his father's."

"I admire handsome dress very much," said I, with a view to propitiation.

"It shows proper respect for one's self," said Mrs. Dwight. "*I* wouldn't be seen in public with Martha Dicks. My dear, somebody wants you, I think."



I looked behind me. There was Minty telegraphing me with a rolling-pin. I went out.

"Missy," said Minty, in an awful whisper, "what's I gwine to do 'bout butter?"

"No butter in the tub? What *shall* we do, Minty?" said I.

"Has butter at de store," said Minty. "I'll run an' get some."

I gave her a dollar, and went back to the parlor. Butter was forty cents a pound, and the tub had been half full. It was a loss for young housekeepers; but nothing mattered just then, if I could but please Theo.'s aunts.

Oh, if I had but dared to ask her *what* she saw in me to stare at in such a mystified manner.

I talked constantly, as in duty bound. I mentioned the weather. I alluded to the cars, the neighbors, the news, the Rev. Mr. Pulsett's sermons, but all the time my heart was with Minty in the kitchen. I had a presentiment that she would call me again. She did.

"Missy!"

"Please excuse me," I said to Mrs. Dwight, who seemed to me to be suppressing a satirical smile, and out I went again.

Minty stood backed up into a corner of the hall.

"'Clar to gracious, 'tan't my fault, no how," she said. "If white folks wants to eat cake de day it's baked, dey's got right to do it; but hot cake don't turn out good, no how."

"Out with it, Minty," said I. "What has happened?"

"Bottom done come clar off dat cake," said Minty.

I hurried to the kitchen. The "bottom" of the cake was in the pan; the upper part on the table.

"'Speck he an't done frough neither," said Minty.

"Let it cool," I gasped, "and I'll try to slice it up, and put it in the cake basket."

I could have scolded or wept, or both; but Minty was not my Minty. She belonged to Mrs. Willis. She was, so to speak, the "gift horse," in whose mouth one may not look.

"Got de butter, and got some salmon," said Minty. "Nuffin but dem plums to cook now. Missy make tea hersef?"

"Yes," said I. "Now don't burn the plums, Minty."

"I never burnt nuffin," said Minty, offended. "No white folks neber 'cuse me of dat."

"I fear Miss Martha Dicks is not coming," I said, after an hour of talk about nothing. "There is only one train more this afternoon."

"Just like her to disappoint you," said Mrs. Dwight. "My dear, the colored person again."

"Well, Minty?" said I.

"Please come here," said Minty.

"What is it now?" I asked, with a dreadful look, of which I was fully conscious, but in the faintest whisper of a voice.

"Reckoned I'd ask you whether I should dish 'em up, or throw away dem plum resarves," said Minty. "Dey's filled full of glass."

"Good heavens!" said I.

"I's jest holdin' dat ar glass dish, dis are way, over de kettle," said Minty, "and dishin' of de hot resarves into um wid dat yar wooden spoon, and click it goes, smashed to frizzles, straight into de hull bilin. I an't nuffin but a sarvent. I don't take sponserbility. I jes comes to white folks fur orders. Shill I pitch 'em out? Shill I dish 'em? Leaves it to you."

"Oh, good gracious," said I. "Can't you get the glass out?"

"Kin try," said Minty.

"Dish 'em, then," I said, in desperation. "It's half-past five o'clock."

Then I made the tea after Anne's receipt, only a little stronger, to be sure that it was good, set out the dishes, and hurried back just in time to see Theo. shake hands with Aunt Agatha.

"I'm sorry not to see Aunt Martha," he said. Then he looked at me.

"Kitty," he whispered, "I think your dress is somehow wrong."

I rushed to the glass. I think the most cold-hearted of my lady readers will pity me when they hear that on the occasion of my first introduction to my husband's fashionable aunt I had, in the hurry and anxiety of the moment, tucked all the back breadths of my over-skirt into the back of my basque, and buttoned it up there.

"I'm *so* relieved," said Aunt Dwight faintly, as I pulled it down. "I've been wondering all the afternoon whether it really *was* a hump."

"Tea is ready, Missy," said Minty, at the door.

I led the way to the dining-room. On the table stood the feast. It did not look so very badly. I filled the cups.

"The bread isn't on," said Theo.

"The bread, Minty," said I.

"White folks," said Minty solemnly, "I clar to gracious I done forgot dat bread altogether. If it hadn't been for getting de glass in dem resarves, I meant to make you two kinds o' hot bread."

"Glass in the preserves!" cried Theo.

"Isn't the tea rather strong?" I asked, to change the subject.

"It has tanned my tongue," said Aunt Agatha, and pushed her chair back from the table.

"Missy," said Minty, "kin I go now? You done with me?"

"Yes, you can go, Minty," said I.

"And 'fore I goes I'll just mention," said Minty. "Speck she'll come and say I sassed her. When I was gwine for butter, dar comes to de gate some kind of old white trash. Says she:

"'Missy Marble live here?'

"Says I, 'She do.'

"Says she, 'Show me in.'

"Says I, 'I won't neither. She's got company—real first-class white folks. No time for talkin' to no low class poor trash now.'

"And I jest shuts the gate; and says she:

"'No more 'n I expected!' and toted herself off."

"What did she look like?" said Aunt Agatha.

"Little and squeeny eyes," said Minty. "Ole green dress, and ole black shawl, and mighty queer bunnit, and kind of a bag in her hand."

"It's Martha Dicks," said Mrs. Dwight, bursting into a laugh. "Oh, it is the best thing!"

It was Aunt Martha, and the fact made Mrs. Dwight quite amiable for the rest of the evening; but Aunt Martha never forgave us, and left all her fortune to an alms-house. And I understand that an exaggerated account of my supper circulated in Mrs. Dwight's family for years.

It was very hard, when Mrs. Willis asked me, "How did Minty do?" to reply sweetly, "Oh, very well, thank you."

* * *

SCIENCE.

A correspondent at Tonawanda, N. Y. (N. W. M.) writes us: "We of Tonawanda have been having a discussion as to whether the earth is growing larger or not. Mr. B says that it is, and refers to the continual falling of leaves and trees upon the surface of the earth as evidence in support of his position. I say, on the other hand, that whatever the tree takes from the earth it puts back, and no more; but Mr. B asserts that in the process of decomposition it returns more than it takes up while growing. I am perfectly satisfied that I am right, but should like to be assured of it by you." Your friend is mistaken. There is no evidence whatever that there has been the slightest change in the magnitude of the earth for thousands of years.

In response to an application by the Royal Society and the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the English Government is now fitting out an expedition for the circumnavigation of the globe and the physical exploration of the deep sea in all the great oceanic areas. The ship *Challenger* has been designated for the purpose, and Captain Nares will command her. Prof. Wyville Thomson has obtained three years' leave of absence from the University of Edinburgh, in order that he may act as scientific director of the expedition. He will be accompanied by a staff of qualified assistants. The date of departure will probably be some time in November.

The height of the rays of the Aurora Borealis has been a subject of investigation during the present year at the observatory of Breslau, in Prussia. Particularly careful study was made of the aurora of February 4th, by Galle and Reimann, who made independent observations. The results indicate that the mean altitude of the auroral rays is fifty-five geographical miles above the surface of the earth, but it is probable that they are also developed at a height of forty miles, which is regarded as practically the limit of the atmosphere. Though the magnitude of the rays was not determined, these observers believe them to have an average length of forty miles.

The quantity of false rhubarbs brought into the drug market renders some guide to their detection very desirable, and Dr. Cauvet, in the *Journal de Pharmacie et de Chimie* specifies several distinctions between them and the exotic or true rhubarbs. That which is most easily observable is the presence in the latter, and absence in the false rhubarbs, of characteristic radiation centres, like stars in shape. These are numerous in the Muscovy rhubarbs, and very apparent, though less frequent, in that from China.

The analysis of the sea-water gases of the Baltic, made by Dr. Oscar Jacobsen, who was connected with the recent German expedition for the exploration of that sea, discloses the fact that "carbonic acid is present in large proportion in sea-water, not as a dissolved gas in the same sense as oxygen and nitrogen, but in a peculiar condition of closer combination." This discovery is regarded as of considerable importance in its bearing upon marine botany, zoology and geology.

M. Delaunay, the able, industrious and accomplished director of the astronomical observatory at Paris, was recently drowned by the capsizing of a small boat in the harbor of Cherbourg. His father lost his life by drowning, in consequence of which the son entertained a great aversion to the sea, and seldom set foot in any craft.

A novel miners' safety lamp has been invented in Scotland, and was recently described before the Iron and Steel Institute of Glasgow. A new form of singing flames is so arranged as to indicate by a musical note the presence of dangerous and explosive mixtures of gas and air.

The inhalation of air charged with ammonia vapors, as a remedy for whooping-cough, has been tried in France with success. One of the methods of application employed was boiling strong ammonia in the room where the patient was.

A French chemist has devised a new form under which raw beef may be administered without being disagreeable either to taste or smell. It consists of the lean meat chopped finely, carefully dried in an air current, and pulverized.

Petroleum has been discovered by the Germans in their newly conquered province of Alsace. It occurs in an extensive sand deposit, which is richly impregnated with the oil.

Washing windows with a concentrated solution of salt or alum is recommended by *Dingler's Polytechnisches Journal* as a speedy method for the removal of ice from them.

A self-registering rain-gauge has been devised at the Bombay observatory which produces a complete record of the rain-fall by means of photography.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Regular Subscriber (New York) says: "I would ask for information, which your valuable paper is ever ready to give, on matters of etiquette. My daughter is to be married early in the winter. We are in easy circumstances; so is the gentleman she is to marry. The ceremony is to take place in our drawing-room, with between twenty-five and fifty invited guests, particular friends of both parties. We attend church, but are not members, and have but slight acquaintance with the pastor. The gentleman not being a resident of the city, has never met our clergyman. Should I inform him of the engagement, and ask him to perform the ceremony, or introduce the groom, and leave him to do so? Is it in my place, or the groom's, to furnish the cards—wedding? Please accept my thanks in advance for the kind favor I am sure you will do when you answer these questions." You should call upon the clergyman, and introduce the gentleman, that he may arrange with the clergyman. Every man should be known to his clergyman, and you are to assume that it will be good for your future son-in-law to know your minister personally. The entertainment at a marriage being, in ordinary circumstances, at the bride's house, all the details, including cards, are arranged by her friends. The bride and groom can have a good time in addressing the cards.

Hawley (Canada) writes: "I became acquainted with a young lady about four years ago. I was never in her company above twice, she being only on a visit to her friends for a few days. However, we corresponded with each other for about six months, at which time I stopped. Twelve months after my introduction to this young lady, I emigrated to this country. I was about another year here when I received a letter from her, and since that time we kept up a constant correspondence. In my letters I asked her to become my wife, thinking at the same time I had some love for her. In fact I went so far as to pay her passage out. Now I find, when the time is close at hand for her to be here, that I have no love or affection for her. I don't know what to do. I know that she comes out with the full expectation of my taking her, from my writings to her, and I can't take her, for the reasons I have already stated to you. Do advise me what to do, as I want to act right toward the young lady." You are a fickle man, and have committed a great wrong toward the young woman in asking her to marry you when you did not know your own mind. Under the circumstances, we see nothing for you but to keep your engagement, and even then we apprehend that she will get the worst of the bargain.

H. B. L. (Brooklyn) says: "I would like to ask a small favor of you: namely, I am connected with an association in this city, and as a member of the same I made a motion to hold alternately Tuesday evenings prayer and discussion meetings, which was carried. Seeing the manner it was worked in, I moved for a reconsideration of the motion, so as to make it prayer-meetings instead of prayer and discussion; but the President ruled it out of order, taking as his ground an article from the Constitution, which says, 'The Constitution may be amended by a two-third vote of the members present, providing such amendment shall have been proposed in writing at a previous meeting,' and that the motion was a part of the Constitution, since it had gone into effect. But I thought, and think still, that a motion to reconsider is always in order, provided the maker of said motion voted in the majority, which I did. By answering the above you will greatly help a Christian young man to hold fast that which is good and right, and also to prove all things." We should not understand a motion like yours as a part of the "Constitution," because it was adopted and acted upon, unless the society is peculiarly "constituted." We do not see the reason against reconsideration.

Emerald says: "First, I have a gentleman friend who, I am certain, cares for me. When I am in his company, I like him well enough, but if I see him too often get tired of him. And yet sometimes I long to see him. Do you think I am in love with him? Second, I have had an introduction to a gentleman twice, but did not bow because I did not know him when I met him on the street. He thinks I do not care to recognize him. What ought I to do? Third, is it wrong for a young lady to take a ring from a gentleman as a philopena?" It is difficult to answer these questions, but we shall try. 1st. One loves his dinner at dinner time, but if he eats too much he gets tired, and yet he longs for it, etc. So shallow natures are affected toward persons of the opposite sex, and having no great knowledge of themselves call it "love." 2d. Explain to the gentleman, after the third introduction, that you did not know him. What he thinks indifference, he will then see to be stupidity, and he ought to be satisfied. 3d. Not if there is a clear and fair understanding all round of the nature of the transaction concealed under this unintelligible big word.

Brother (Washington, D. C.) says: "Having for many years been a subscriber for your invaluable paper, and having been pleased as well as satisfied with your answers to correspondents, I crave your advice in regard to a question which has given me of late much thought. Is it proper for a man thirty odd years of age, who has no settled business, and has never been able to support himself without the aid of his friends, but has a fair reputation as a gentleman, to engross the attention of a young lady, aged eighteen or twenty, and so deport himself as to make her friends believe he is serious, and when questioned by his friends, always says he does not intend to marry her, and if she loves him it is not his fault; she should know that he does not mean to marry, etc.? By giving me your idea on this, as I think, delicate question, you will confer a great favor on the lady's brother." We think such a course so improper and dishonorable that the lady's brother would be warranted in turning the gentleman out of the house, with as much contempt and, if needful, physical force, as is within the laws of the District of Columbia.

Nellie (Philadelphia) writes, in ink hardly visible: "For some time past a gentleman has been paying me marked attention; there is no engagement between us, but there has been an understanding for some time. Quite frequently I am invited to go to places of amusement with other gentlemen; if I accept them, my friend gets quite angry, and will hardly speak a word the whole evening; and when he meets other gentlemen at our house, he treats them very indifferently, and hardly speaks all the time they are there. If you will tell me what to do under the circumstances, you will greatly oblige a friend in trouble." Such "understandings" often become misunderstandings. If this gentleman is of the right sort, let there be an open and distinct engagement. This will obviate difficulties, and give him the right to monopolize you. These indefinite relations are like your letter—easily leading into mistakes.

Patience (Wisconsin) writes: "I have kept company with a young man for six months. I love him with all my heart, and he says he loves me, and wishes me to marry him when he is able. I would wait ten years if necessary. Now what I wish to know is, how can I prove his love? for never will I marry a man till I test his love; no, I will die an old maid first. All I want is the heart. I care not for riches in this world; my home is in heaven." Your home, at present, seems to be in this world. Otherwise the love of any man would not be of much consequence to you; for we are informed by the Bible that, in heaven, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage. As to testing the young man's love, if he is as willing to wait as you are, until he is able, and then as willing to marry you as you are to marry him, we do not think you need put his affection to any further proof.

A Gump asks: "Is there a reward offered by this government to any one that will invent perpetual motion? If so, what is the amount? What would constitute perpetual motion? If a machine is constructed with a spring that will run until it wears out, without being touched, would not that be perpetual motion?" You very properly denominate yourself "a gump," although you do not seem to possess what they call, in some parts of the world, *gumption*. Perpetual motion would not be produced by a spring which would run until it wore out, unless the spring could then renew itself, and so keep on operating forever. We have never, for a moment, supposed that perpetual motion could be created by finite power. Many an inventor has become crazed, and many an inventor has worn out his life in trying to discover it.

W. H. G. (Guilford) says: "A few Sabbaths since, a clergyman in one of the churches in this place, in the course of his sermon, used the expression 'very muchly.' Is it a grammatical expression, or not? It has been a subject of considerable discussion among a small circle of friends, and we have left it for you to decide. If it is not asking too much, will you please answer through the columns of your paper this week, and oblige." The word "muchness" was once used, but is now rare in the writings of cultivated persons. "Muchly" has not yet gained a place in such writings, though it is colloquially employed, but we had supposed, in the way of banter and slang.

H. C. T. (Grason County, Texas) writes: "I am in love with a Chickasaw Indian girl. She cannot speak the English language. She is quite handsome and rich, and has many admirers, who are in the same fix as myself, that is to say, they cannot speak the Indian language. How am I to proceed to gain her affections, and outrival the host of admirers who throng her threshold?" We should advise you to learn to speak the Indian language, and then you will have a decided advantage over your competitors. To do so may require considerable effort on your part, but a young man who is anxious to marry a Chickasaw girl ought not to be chicken-hearted.

Flay says: "Will you please answer the following questions through your excellent *Ledger*? A young gentleman and lady, both single, stop at a hotel and register as follows: 'Samuel Smith, Esq., and lady, Altoona, Ill.' Is that proper? If it is not, will you give the proper form for registering; that is, for unmarried couples?" We should suppose "Samuel Smith" with the place of residence and "Miss Emma Brown" with the place of residence, would be the obvious and natural method of registering. Some persons call a man's wife "lady," so that the form he employed is liable to misconstruction.

Henry asks: "If the author of a book fails to procure a copy-right until another party, without the author's consent, copies the matter, and prints a book upon which he secures a copy-right, and afterward the former party adds to and revises his original book, and procures a copy-right, can the said author recover damages, or put an injunction upon the sale of the book printed by the second party?" The first copy-right would have been fraudulently obtained, and on proof of that, we think an injunction would be granted and sustained.

L. (Brooklyn) says: "I am a lad of not quite eighteen, and have been employed in the office of a wholesale house for two years back. Now what I want to know is, whether you would advise me to stay where I am, and in time become a book-keeper, or would you advise me to leave and learn some good trade?" We should advise you to be governed by your own tastes and inclinations. People are much the most apt to succeed in that which they like best.

A Missouri Girl wishes to know "if it is ever in keeping with good breeding to whisper in company?" No.

Dexter (New York) says: "I venture to address you on a subject which has caused me much anxiety and vexation, particularly of late. It is as follows: My father is a person of so violent a temper that it is impossible to mention in his presence the most trivial subjects without exciting cynical remarks and angry words. I do my utmost, in common with the other members of the family, to avoid all topics likely to prove unpleasant; but, despite our best endeavors, he always finds fault with something or somebody. Among other things, he will not allow me to leave home of an evening unless I return punctually at half past nine o'clock. I have submitted to this until it has occasioned much comment among my relations and friends. Can he compel me to return home at the above hour, now that I have reached my twenty-first year? I am busy all day where I am employed, so that the evening is my only time for recreation. Please give me the benefit of your advice, and oblige an old reader of your valuable paper." Your statement refers to temper and unamiable qualities, but your question respects a matter of domestic arrangement by the head of a house. For anything that we know, it may be a wise rule. Many persons would be the better for being under such authority. A wise parent would not, of course, push a rule of this kind with a child twenty-one years old, in whose steadiness and good sense he had confidence, particularly if informed where and how the evening is spent. But so long as you live with a parent, he has a right to rule his house, and you can only assert your independence elsewhere. It is better to submit to a little inconvenience at home than be free elsewhere. O, the blessing of a father's house! Even its disagreeables are better than the civilities of strangers.

Bostonia says: "Please oblige by giving an opinion on the following: A man asked a couple of lady friends to accompany him on an excursion to a place of fashionable resort. On board the steamboat, going to the place, the ladies attracted the notice of a strange gentleman, and a little harmless flirtation was inaugurated by the usual means of smiles, nods, etc., which rapidly culminated in a request by the gentleman, and permission by the ladies, for a seat beside them, much to the distaste of the male escort, whose opinion was not asked or regarded. He—the escort—*did* show dissatisfaction at the condition of things, and maintained a degree of reserve toward the invitee—I claim that word, Mr. Editor—which the ladies decided was boorish and unmannerly, and which they resented in a way peculiar to the sex. There were no introductions. The invited guest gave an address to the ladies which was partially false, and so known to be by their escort. Although the escort could not be regarded in any other relation to either lady than merely a friend, who was wrong—the escort, for showing some degree of irritation, or the ladies, for their indifference to his opinion or feelings?" We should regard ladies acting in this way as compromising themselves; and if the gentleman had raised his hat, said good-evening, and left them to their new friend, they would have had no reason to complain. They may have been placing him, for aught he knew, in the apparent companionship of a swindler, or an escaped convict.

Honesty writes: "For the past two years I have been engaged to a young lady in the city where I reside, and everything has gone on very happily until this summer, when I went away for my summer vacation. While absent I passed the time with several young ladies, and one of them, who was acquainted with the young lady to whom I was engaged, wrote to her, saying I was flirting with all the girls. When I got back home, she would have nothing to do with me, although I have convinced her that I have done nothing wrong. She asked for her letters, and I sent them to her. She sent mine back, but kept a gold watch and chain I had given her, and some other valuable jewelry, in all over five hundred dollars' worth. I presented it to her thinking she would be my wife. Now that she has treated me so, ought she not to send back the presents, especially as she is now going with another young man?" We never thought well of giving a thing away and afterward making claim to it. At the same time, we should suppose that under the circumstances the young lady would at once return the watch and jewelry, without waiting for you to ask for them. We do not deem it consistent with delicacy or self-respect for her to retain them.

Irene (Hamilton) says: "I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for several years, but have never before taken the liberty to write. Will you be kind enough to answer a few questions in your answer to correspondents' column, and oblige? I am in love, to begin with, as all girls are; but the gentleman I love does not return my affection, nor is it very likely he ever will; but he is a very good friend of mine, nevertheless, and corresponds with me all the time, and is my only confidential friend. Now there is another gentleman, 'young, rich and handsome,' who very much wishes me to marry him, but I don't really love him, but think I might learn to, as I like him very well; besides, I may never have the chance of such an offer again. But still I love Will.—he's the other—and I love him dearly; but I know he will never love me in the same manner. Now what shall I do? Accept George or not? By answering these questions, you will very much oblige." Before you can lawfully (in God's sight) marry George, you must *unlearn* your love for Will., and learn to love George. We foresee much difficulty in this, so we advise you to take pains with that correspondence, and you may, like most other ladies in the end, have your Will.

Blanche says: "Having read your paper for many years, I now come to you for advice. I am married. My husband, having a name he did not like, changed it some years since, and I married him in his last name. I would like to know if it is legal; also, if he had a daughter, and she had always borne the last name, and married in that name, would that be legal? By sending an early answer you will greatly oblige a constant reader." There is not much reason to apprehend trouble to yourself or family from the change of name, if nothing but a preference for another led to it, and still less for your daughter. If all parties concerned are satisfied, no one has any motive for trying to fasten a penalty upon him, even if the law provides it. But the thing is unwise and undesirable, and could only be done by some misrepresentation. If a man, being called Snooks, and disliking it, should wish himself married as Montmorency, Lafayette or Washington, instead of giving the wrong name to the officiating clergyman—by his giving it, conveying that it is his paternal name—he should use the proper means to advertise his change, and have all aboveboard.

Teacher (Greenboro, Md.) says: "Knowing that you are always willing to assist those who ask you, I, like many others, have come to you for help. Will you please tell me what law governs the formation of the zones? This question was asked at our examination, and I could not find any one who could answer it. I have been teaching in this State for some time, but would like to go West to teach. Can you tell me which States are likely to have the best school system, or where it would be best to go? and which of the Western States have Normal Schools, and where they are located? You will confer a great favor by answering these questions." The question probably contemplated latitude and temperature, but it is somewhat obscure. Most of the settled Western States have school systems more or less good; but details regarding any one can only be satisfactorily learned by writing to some educational authority in the State. Almost every one of them claims to have "the best institutions in the Union."

G. H. J. (Minonk, Ill.) says: "A question having arisen here in regard to the propriety of the term 'blank Olympiad,' as used by Mr. O'Connor, it was agreed to submit the matter to you for decision. Will you so far oblige your readers? The sentence is, 'An effort to secure a third term, or to establish a dictatorship, cannot reasonably be apprehended; and, consequently, a comparison of probabilities offers us merely a blank Olympiad on one hand, or four years of undefinable activity on the other.'" An "Olympiad" is a period of four years, so called because that was the interval between the Olympic games. A "blank Olympiad," therefore, was probably meant to describe "four years in which nothing is done;" but the whole paragraph you inclose is so overlaid with the "graces of composition" that the meaning is obscure.

Anticipator says: "Will you oblige by answering the following questions: 1st. Whose place is it to furnish the invitations to a wedding in church? No reception after. 2d. What are the duties of the ushers? 3d. What is the customary fee of the sexton of one of our large city churches for opening it for the ceremony during the day?" 1st. The friends of the bride. 2d. Keep themselves and every one else cool, conduct guests to the proper seats, maintain order, and make things pleasant generally. 3d. There is hardly a custom on the subject. The sexton may be presumed to give the day to the wedding. He might be employed otherwise, and his day would be worth three, four or five dollars. Gentlemen getting charming wives do not calculate too nicely on "the happy occasion."

J. W. R. (Morrison, Ill.) writes: "What inducement is there for a poor mechanic to make a type-setting machine? I am sure that I can make a machine that a person can set type with two or three times faster than he can at the present mode, and I think faster than that. But my finances are too small for me to undertake it. Where could I get help, and in what manner?" You are in the condition of most young inventors. If you have confidence in your idea, you can persevere, and work it out gradually, as you acquire the requisite means; or, if some one who has capital is willing to invest in it, and take the chances of success, you might make an arrangement to give him an interest in your invention, and in the patent, if you obtain one.

Young America (Philippi, West Va.) says: "I am a boy of fourteen years of age, and am very fond of reading. In a book which I started to read a few days ago, I find that it spells all the words that end in *or*, *our*. For instance, honor it spells honour, superior, superiour, etc. Now, Mr. Editor, I would like to have you tell me what makes them do it, and what authority they have for so doing. By answering this in your Notices to Correspondents, you will oblige an ardent boy reader of the *Ledger*." English writers and printers retain this method of spelling, while Americans drop the "u." Your book is probably English.

Chicago writes: "I am a young man, aged twenty-three, and am desirous of being admitted to a good machine shop, where one can learn the trade thoroughly. I have applied to several places here, but all of no use. Therefore what I want to know is this: Could you inform me where I would be most likely to obtain admission? I have five years' experience as fireman and engineer, but my ambition is to become a machinist." We should suppose you would find no difficulty in obtaining such a situation in some manufacturing city, such as Newark, N. J., Boston, Lowell, or Lawrence, Mass., or Providence, R. I.

Will. Hawley says: "Please answer me a question, or so, through the columns of the *Ledger*. 1. Do you think a person living in a mode of life nearly the same day by day would be benefited much by keeping a 'diary?' 2. If evil thoughts come into a person's mind, and he does not want them there, but tries to cast them off, has he sinned by thinking those thoughts?" Without entering upon explanations which you might not yet understand, we say No to both questions.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*